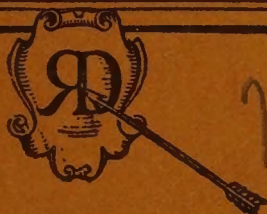


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of Lasting Interest



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TOPICS IN BRIEF

from THE LITERARY DIGEST

¶ The man who wakes up to find himself famous hasn't been asleep.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

¶ To maintain our great national prosperity we must continue to spend, we are told. To insure our individual prosperity we must save. Now that's all cleared up.—*Detroit News*.

¶ The other thing the stork is noted for is his long bill.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

¶ The new international salutation: Good morning, have you outlawed war?—*Asheville Times*.

¶ Missionaries can explain their religion. The hard part is to explain their civilization.—*Muskogee Phoenix*.

¶ The best reducing exercise consists in moving the head from left to right when asked to have some more.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

¶ The dry rendition of a certain song is, Yeast Side, Wets Side, etc.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

¶ We wish we could veto some of the bills that are presented to us.—*American Lumberman*.

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION, INC.
Pleasantville, New York

EDITORS

De Witt Wallace

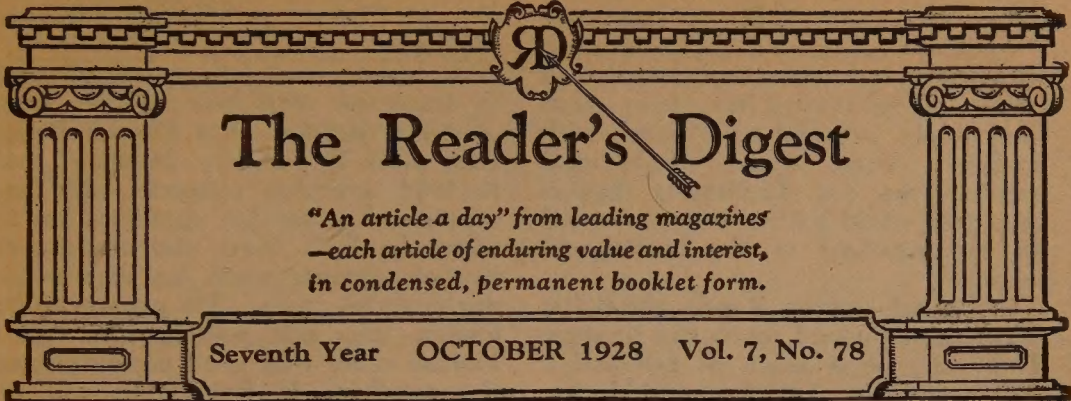
Lila Bell Acheson

¶ Ralph E. Henderson

Published Monthly, 25c a copy; \$3.00 a Year; (Foreign, \$3.25)
Two-Year Subscription, \$5.00 (Foreign, \$5.50)
(No extra charge to Canada)

Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office at Pleasantville, N. Y.,
under act of March 3, 1879

Additional entry at Post Office, Concord, N. H. Copyright, 1928, The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A., BY RUMFORD PRESS, CONCORD, N. H.



The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
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in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Seventh Year OCTOBER 1928 Vol. 7, No. 78

Prohibition in Finland

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (September, '28)

Alfred Pearce Dennis

STRIKING likenesses and dissimilarities crop out in comparing the administration of the prohibition law in Finland and the United States. In both countries prohibition was ushered in as a war emergency, but long antecedent preparation by temperance societies had been going on. Finland, one is inclined to judge, was in a more advanced state of preparedness for prohibition than the United States.

The Finns are a highly disciplined people. For centuries they have been a subjugated race and, except for the Swedish element, are a homogeneous people. Illiterates are about as plentiful in Finland as albinos in the United States. The Finns are the most omnivorous readers in Europe and, like the Athenians of Paul's day, are the liberals of their epoch. To the Finn every new social experiment is worth a try-out. The Finns were the first of the Europeans to grant complete suffrage to women, and among the first to balance their budget and restore their international trade equilibrium after the war. They were the first to boast the presence of a barefoot legislator on the floor of their national Parliament.

Finland is a country of strong men and strong liquors. It is a country of gray skies, cheerless landscapes, gloomy festivities. For half the year darkness broods over the land for the better part of the working-day. In midsummer the sun rises at two in the morning, and the flies at least a half-hour earlier. Characteristic of the national school of painting are canvases portraying struggles with forest fires, tempestuous seas, heroic efforts to subdue the wilderness. The favorite moving picture in Finland depicts physical struggle with wind and wave or human adversaries; a film performance by Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd will not raise a smile. The Finn, in short, is a grim, determined fellow.

Prohibition was first decreed for Finland overnight by imperial edict of the Czar, and was amazingly effective at first because the Russian police power was behind it. When Finland threw off Russian overlordship some ten years ago, prohibition was continued by act of the Finnish Parliament.

In administering the law, the Finns have more physical difficulties to contend with than we. With respect to

psychology, about the same cleavages of public opinion obtain in both countries.

Finland is set down in the midst of an archipelago of ten thousand small islands. The country has a long coastline, deeply indented and fringed with a heavy forest cover. More ideal specifications for facilitating liquor-smuggling could not have been devised by the president of the bootleggers' union.

In Poland, eastern Russia, the Baltic States, and Finland much can be done dietetically on a snack of fish and a snifter of vodka. Like Java and Mocha, the two are complementary. The fisher-folk having turned liquor-smugglers, alcohol is becoming more plentiful and fish scarcer. Whole fishing-villages have turned smugglers down to the last man, and have attained such perfection in their craft that they are like to oversupply their market and be driven back to the fishing business.

The comparative ease with which alcohol can be brought into the country is not without its advantages. Smuggling has killed the home-brew industry. Potato-alcohol can be fetched into the country cheaper and better than domestic grain-alcohol may be illegally distilled. Further, one hears no complaints of poisonous or adulterated alcohol in Finland. Where the genuine stuff may be had in abundance, there's no sense in decocting such counterfeits as synthetic gin.

During the first week in July, when the writer crossed the Gulf of Finland, seven foreign rum-boats could be descried at anchor some 12 miles out from Helsingfors. Captain Brynolf Kari, chief of the Finnish rum-chasers, furnished us with the names and tonnages of these boats. All told they carried 1,500,000 litres of 96 percent alcohol, enough to provide 15,000,000 good stiff drinks of proof vodka—that is, ten or twelve drinks for every adult male of the Finnish population. The Finnish women, like the Russian peasant women, are not addicted to alcohol, and are almost a unit in their support of temperance movements. Viewing

these rum-laden ships, one concludes that in Finland prohibition does not prohibit.

As hostile troops have been known to fraternize with one another from opposing trenches, so a Finnish Police boat finds it perfectly *comme il faut* to hold amicable converse with the captain of a foreign rum-boat as to where he hails from, the amount of alcohol aboard, when he expects to discharge his cargo. The captain of the foreign ship will politely inform his Finnish caller that it all depends upon the weather. If Providence will be kind enough to send a fog, he will make shift to get away in two or three days. If, on the other hand, these confounded clear nights continue, it looks as if peddling out the cargo might take two weeks.

The captain of the rum-chasing fleet informed the writer that his patrol-boats ordinarily capture five or six smuggling-boats per week, but what is this as compared to the number engaged in the smuggling business. It is against the law for anyone in Finland to operate a motor-boat faster than 12 knots without a special license. It is rare that a pursued rum-runner attempts to avoid capture. Some of the shrewder captains transport their cans of alcohol in canisterlike contraptions which they tow behind their boats. On the approach of the police the tow-line, to which is tied a buoy and a bag of salt, is cast off. After some hours the salt melts, the buoy rises to the surface, and discloses to the expectant captain the exact location of his jettisoned cargo.

Jurist candidate Venalainen, Director of Prohibition Enforcement, has no illusions about the difficulty of his job. He told the writer that his country was unable to bear the financial burden of adequately enforcing the law. "We can make no pretense of enforcing the law with the limited means now at our disposal. We inconvenience the rum-runners—we do not frustrate them."

Their hope for enforcement in the
(Continued on page 324)

Much, If Not All, Is Vanity

Condensed from *Personality* (September, '28)

Calvin T. Ryan

SOME wag has said, "Clothes make a man; the absence of them a woman." But wags are rarely historians.

Modern man is less gaudily adorned than at any period since mankind first adopted sartorial aids to beauty. His masculine pride forbids his curling his hair, painting his cheeks, penciling his eyebrows, or using the lip stick. Custom bans anything more elaborate on his hat than just a small feather, or a striped band. Earrings and necklaces are now taboo. And since the democratic trousers replaced the monarchical breeches and hose, no man feels any pride, either political or personal, in the shape of his legs. Such handicaps have not always been man's to endure.

Should we meet a man today sumptuously dressed, with diamond earrings, and hands concealed in a muff of feathers, we might suspect a light mentality. Man has now come to consider such finery effeminate. But history betrays him; for a century or so ago men wore earrings and carried muffs on the streets of Boston.

Like most of our styles, this one of men carrying muffs originated in France, was adopted by England, and was then copied by the American colonists. We read in Pepys' Diary that he economically took his wife's last year's muff for himself one year.

The men who carried muffs were not fops or sissies. The muff was a mark of dignity in England. "A muff is more than half the making of a doctor," says a character in an old play. In an advertisement in the *Boston News-Letter* of March 5, 1715, a man requests the return of his muff lost "on the Lord's Day."

Earrings were invented during the High Renaissance in Italy, and "no object of feminine adornment was ever so widely employed." Not only did the men have their ears pierced for earrings, but also for the wearing of black silken strings. Among Marlowe's mighty lines we find these:

Yet for they sake I will not bore mine eare
To hang thy durtie silken shoe-tires there.

Charles I removed one of the pearls from his ears as he was being led to the gallows and gave it to a friend. Notables such as Sir Walter Raleigh, William Shakespeare, and the Duke of Buckingham show that earrings were worn by men of parts rather than by dandies.

While style is a fickle mistress, while it is not confined to any sex, and while it is pretty well controlled by commercial and economic factors, the introduction of a new style is a simple matter. It requires simply a person with some degree of leadership and an abundance of nerve. The Prince of Wales, for instance, decides to wear his hat pulled over one eye a wee bit, and immediately all men of fashion strive for that exact angle in their hats. Or take the case of Lord Spencer, who in a bet with Sir Edward Chetwynd said that he could start a new style in England within six months. Challenged to do so he cut off the long tails of his coat and wore it unhemmed and unfinished. Within three days certain fashionable men of London were displaying their "spencers," and within six months all London was wearing "spencers."

Further examination of old portraits discloses the fact that men once wore petticoats, ruffs, and bands. For truth, I cannot see that man has any call to laugh at the foolishness of the opposite sex!

(Continued from page 322)

future lies in international coöperation. It may be possible to suppress alcohol-smuggling by agreement with Poland and Czechoslovakia, from which countries most of it now comes. Of course if the quietus should be thus put on liquor-smuggling, the businesslike Finns will be at pains to revive the dormant home-brew industry.

The Finns are apparently befogged as to whether prohibition is a good or a bad thing for their country. In 1922 the government attempted a grand inquest into the matter. A commission was named to study the effects of the law, and, after sitting intermittently for four years, incorporated its enormous labors in three ponderous volumes. One of these volumes contains the results of 9000 questionnaires addressed to business and labor organizations, captains of industry, welfare officers, and the like. Taken all together the responses indicated that 31.4 percent judge the results as beneficial; 31.3 percent judge the results harmful rather than helpful to temperance; 37.4 percent judge that prohibition has neither improved nor worsened the situation. The replies also indicate that the drink evil has increased among the youth of the country, while the adults show less addiction to alcohol.

The bulk of the Finnish population is temperate by education and habit, but the Finns who drink heavily are relatively more of a social menace than the inebriates of other European countries. Spaniards, the French, or Italians, sip rather than gulp their drinks, and take their alcohol highly diluted in the form of wine and beer. They drink principally for stimulation, but associated with the ritual of drinking are ideas of relaxation and human cheer.

The Finn drinks not for sociability but to get drunk, and goes about it in a workmanlike fashion. He gulps his liquor and gulps it strong, and, like the Russian peasant drinking from the bottle in a government vodka shop, ordinarily drinks perpendicularly and on an empty stomach. Now a drunken

Finn is a cultured Finn less his cultural inhibitions. In his cups he becomes the Ishmaelitish, warring man, the avenger of nameless oppressions.

It's not always fair weather when good Finns get together with vodka on the table. In fact, the chances are for foul weather. The drunken Finn, like Lucian the Roman satirist, possesses a cutting dialectic all his own, and is likely to end an argument by lunging at his opponent with a jack-knife.

Alcohol and Finns are not adapted for keeping company. The perfectly intoxicated Finlander is about as romantic a figure as the Finnish bathhouse. The detached bathhouse is a well-known Finnish institution in which the family meats are smoked, the family babies are born, and the home circle, though it may be composed of grandparents, parents, children-in-law, grandchildren, and the stranger within their gates, foregather in a nude condition for an ensemble steam-bath without the shadow of an *arrière-pensée*. If the flood of alien liquor should ever be shut out through international agreement, the Finnish bathhouse is destined to play an even more important rôle in domestic economy. It would be hard to specify a more delightfully appropriate place for home-brewing.

How are the results of such a law to be appraised? The wets say that prohibition, designed to reduce alcohol consumption, has increased it; that it has bred a class of lawbreakers and converted a population of honest fishermen into sneaks and smugglers; and that the state's liquor excise revenues have been flung away to enrich the bootlegger. The dries respond that patience is needed, that the right thing has been done, and that right will prevail. The world must make haste slowly in the education of humanity to higher ideals. Any great reform means slow adaptation.

The law-respecting Finns do their best to enforce prohibition. In the meantime the prosperous bootlegger can say with boastful Glendower: "I can call up spirits from the vasty deep."

Is Western Civilization in Peril?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (August, '28)

Charles A. Beard

WHAT is called Western or modern civilization by way of contrast with the civilization of the Orient or medieval times is at bottom a civilization that rests upon machinery and science as distinguished from one founded on agriculture or handicraft commerce. It is in reality a technological civilization. It is only about 200 years old, and, far from shrinking in its influence, is steadily extending its area into agriculture as well as handicrafts.

It rests fundamentally on power-driven machinery which transcends the physical limits of its human directors, multiplying indefinitely the capacity for the production of goods. Science in all its branches—physics, chemistry, biology, and psychology—is the servant and upholder of this system. The day of crude invention being almost over, ceaseless research in the natural sciences is absolutely necessary to the extension of the machine and its market, thus forcing continuously the creation of new goods, new processes, and new modes of life. As the money for learning comes in increasing proportions from taxes on industry and gifts by captains of capitalism, a steady growth in scientific endowments is to be expected, and the scientific curiosity thus aroused and stimulated will hardly fail to expand.

Machine civilization differs from all other orders in that it is highly dynamic, containing within itself the seeds of constant reconstruction. Based on technology, science, invention, and expanding markets, it must of necessity change—and rapidly. The order of steam is hardly established before electricity

invades it; electricity hardly gains a fair start before the internal combustion engine overtakes it. There has never been anywhere in the world any former order comparable with it.

Granted that these essential characteristics of Western civilization—its mechanical and scientific foundations—are realistic, is it a mere "flash in the pan," a historical accident destined to give way to some other order based upon entirely different modes of life? Will the drive of the masses of mankind for machine-made goods fail, and large-scale production be abandoned? Will the ranks of scientific men cease to be recruited, and scientific power fail to meet new situations? An affirmative answer requires a great deal of hardihood. The scientific order is not recruited from a class; nor is scientific knowledge the monopoly of a caste likely to dissolve. Unless all visible signs deceive us, there is no reason for supposing that either machinery or science will disappear or even dwindle to insignificance. And they are the basis of the present Western civilization.

If Western civilization does not break down from such internal causes, is there good reason for supposing that any of the races now inhabiting Asia or Africa could overcome the machine order of the West by any process, peaceful or warlike, without themselves adopting the technical apparatus of that order? No doubt, some of them are already borrowing various features of machine society, but slowly and with indifferent success. The most efficient of them, the Japanese, still rely largely upon the West for a substantial part of their mechanical outfit—for inventiveness and creative

mechanical skill. Unless there is a material decline in Western technology—and no evidence of such a slump is now in sight—then it may safely be contended that none of the agricultural civilizations of Asia or Africa will be able to catch up with the scientific development of the West. As things stand at present, none of them gives any promise of being able to overrun the West as the conquerors of Rome overran the provinces of that Empire. The downfall of the West through conquest may fairly be ruled out of the possibilities of the coming centuries. If, in due time, the East smashes the West on the battlefield, it will be because the East has completely taken over the technology of the West, gone it one better, and thus become Western in civilization. In that case machine civilization will not disappear but will make a geographical shift.

Defining civilization narrowly in terms of letters and art, are the probabilities of a "decline" more numerous? Here we approach a more intangible topic. With reference to letters, taking into account the evidence of the last fifty years, there is no sign of a decay. Indeed, there are many cautious critics who tell us that the writers of the past hundred years, with the machine system at a high pitch, may be compared in number, competence, and power without fear with the writers of any century since the appearance of the Roman grand style. Granted that we have no Horace, Shakespeare, or Goethe, we may reasonably answer that literature of their manner has little meaning for a civilization founded on a different basis. If poetry sinks in the scale and tragedy becomes comical, it may be because the mythology upon which they feed is simply foreign to the spirit of the machine age—not because there has been a dissolution of inherited mental powers. The imagination of an Einstein, a Bohr, or a Millikan may well transcend that of a Milton or a Virgil. Who is to decide?

The case for the arts is on a similar footing. For the sake of argument, it

may be conceded that the machine age has produced nothing comparable with the best of the painting, sculpture, and architecture of antiquity and the middle ages. What does that signify? The machine age is young. As yet it can hardly be said to have created an art of its own, although there are signs of great competence, if not genius, about us—signs of a new art appropriate to speed, mechanics, motion, railway stations, factories, office buildings, and public institutions. To say that the modern age has produced no ecclesiastical architecture comparable with that of the middle ages is to utter a judgment as relevant to our situation as a statement that the medieval times can show no aqueducts or baths equal to the noblest structures of pagan Rome. It may be that the machine age will finally prove to be poor in artistic genius—a debatable point—but it can hardly be said that it has produced its typical art, from which a decline may be expected.

Passing to a more tangible subject, is it possible that machine civilization may be destroyed by internal revolutions or civil wars such as have often wrecked great states in the past? Analogies from antiquity must be used with extreme care in all applications to the machine age. When the worst has been said about the condition of the industrial proletariat, it must be conceded that as regards material welfare, knowledge, social consideration, and political power, it is far removed from the proletariat of Rome or the slaves of a more remote antiquity. The kind of servile revolt that was so often ruinous in Greece and Rome is hardly possible in a machine civilization, even if economic distress were to pass anything yet experienced since the 18th century. The most radical of the modern proletariat want more of the good things of civilization—not a destruction of technology.

Finally, we must face the assertion that wars among the various nations of machine civilization will destroy the whole order. Probably terrible wars will arise and prove costly in blood and

treasure, but it is a strain on the speculative faculties to conceive of any conflict that could destroy the population and mechanical equipment of the Western world so extensively that human vitality and science could not restore economic prosperity and even improve upon the previous order. According to J. S. Mill, the whole mechanical outfit of a capitalistic country can be reproduced in about ten years. Hence the prospect of repeated and costly wars in the future need not lead us to the pessimistic view that suicide is to be the fate of machine civilization. We may admit the reality of the perils ahead without adopting the counsel of despair. If Europe and America were absolutely devastated, Japan with her present equipment in libraries, laboratories, and technology could begin the work of occupying the vacant areas, using the machine process in the operation.

For the reasons thus adduced it may be inferred that modern civilization founded on science and the machine will not decline after the fashion of older agricultural civilizations.

Such appears to be the promise of the long future, if not the grand destiny of Western civilization—the flexible framework in which the human spirit must operate during the coming centuries. Yet this view by no means precludes the idea that the machine system, as tested by its present results, presents shocking evils and, indeed, a terrible menace to the noblest faculties of the human race. Perilous indeed is the concentration on the production of goods that will sell quickly at the best price the traffic will bear and fall to pieces quickly—mass production of cheap goods—rather than concentration on the manufacture of commodities with the finest intrinsic endurance. What the creed of “give as little as you can for as much as you can get” will do to the common honesty of mankind, if followed blindly for centuries, can readily be imagined. Finally it must be admitted that the dedication of the engines of state to the promotion and sale of machine-made goods is creating zones of international

rivalry likely to flame up in wars more vast and destructive than any yet witnessed.

To consider merely the domestic aspects of the question, the machine civilization is particularly open to attack from three sides.

On aesthetic grounds, the chief indictment is the contention that men who work with machinery are not creative, joyous, or free, but are slaves to the monotonous routine of the inexorable wheel. In a sense it is true that, in the pre-machine age, each craftsman had a certain leeway in shaping his materials with his tools so that many a common artisan produced articles of great beauty.

Yet the point can easily be overworked. Doubtless the vast majority of medieval artisans merely followed designs made by master workmen. This is certainly true of artisans of the Orient today. With respect to the mass of mankind, it is safe to assume that the level of monotony on which labor is conducted under the machine régime is by and large not lower but higher than in the handicraft, servile, or slave systems of the past. Let anyone who has any doubts on this matter compare the life of the laborers on the latfundia of Rome or in the cities of modern China with that of the workers in by far the major portion of machine industries.

Moreover, the machine régime does not do away with the necessity of designing or reduce the opportunities for practice of that craft: it transfers the operation from the shop to the laboratory; and it remains to be seen whether great aesthetic powers will not flourish after the first storm of capitalism has passed. In any case, it must be admitted that the “cheap and nasty” character of machine-made goods, so marked everywhere, may really be due to the profit-making lust and the desire of the multitude to have imitations of the gew-gaws loved by the patricians, not to the inherent nature of machine industry. Possibly what is lost in the merits of individual objects of beauty

may be more than offset by city and community planning, realizing new types of aesthetic ideals on a vast, democratic basis. Certainly the worst of the aesthetic offenses created by the machine—the hideous factory town—can be avoided by intelligent coöperative action, as the garden-city movement faintly foreshadows.

Frequently affiliated with aesthetic criticism of the machine and science is the religious attack. With endless reiteration, the charge is made that industrial civilization is materialistic. As generally used, the term "materialistic" is difficult to grasp. Oswald Spengler calls all England materialistic, governed by pecuniary standards—as contrasted with old Prussia where "duty," "honor," and "simple piety" reigned supreme. More recently André Siegfried, following a hundred English critics, has found materialism to be one of the chief characteristics of the United States, as contrasted with the richer and older civilizations of Europe, particularly France. And Gandhi consigns every one of them—England, Prussia, France, and America—to the same bottomless pit of industrial materialism. When all this verbiage is sifted, it is usually found that the charge arises from emotions which have little or no relation to religion or philosophy—from the quarrels of races, sects, and nations.

If religion is taken in a crude, anthropomorphic sense, filling the universe with gods, spirits, and miraculous feats, then beyond question the machine and science are the foes of religion. If it is materialistic to disclose the influence of technology and environment in general upon humanity, then perhaps the machine and science are materialistic. But science itself has shown the shallowness of the old battle between materialist and spiritualist and has confessed that it does not know what matter and force are. Matter is motion; motion is matter; both elude us, we are told. Doubtless science does make short shrift of a thousand little mysteries once deemed as essential to Christianity as were the thousand minor gods to the

religion of old Japan, but for these little mysteries it has substituted a higher mystery.

To descend to the concrete, is the prevention of disease by sanitation more materialistic than curing it by touching saints' bones? Is the elimination of famines by a better distribution of goods more materialistic than prevention by the placation of rain gods? After all, how can it be consistently maintained that Omnipotent God ruled the world wisely and well until the dawn of the modern age and abandoned it to the Evil One because James Watt invented the steam engine?

Arising, perhaps, from the same emotional source as aesthetic and religious criticisms, is the attack on the machine civilization as lacking in humanitarianism. Without commenting on man's inhumanity to man as an essential characteristic of the race, we may fairly ask on what grounds can anyone argue that the masses were more humanely treated in the agricultural civilization of antiquity or the middle ages than in the machine order of modern times. Tested by the mildness of its laws (brutal as many of them are), by its institutions of care and benevolence, by its death rate (that tell-tale measurement of human welfare), by its standards of life, and by every conceivable measure of human values, machine civilization, even in its present primitive stage, need fear no comparison with any other order on the score of general well-being.

Under the machine and science, the love of beauty, the sense of mystery, and the motive of compassion—sources of aesthetics, religion, and humanism—are not destroyed. They remain essential parts of our nature. But the conditions under which they must act are changed. These ancient forces will become powerful in the modern age just in the proportion that men and women accept the inevitability of science and the machine, understand the nature of the civilization in which they must work, and turn their faces resolutely to the future.

Blindfolded You Know the Difference

Condensed from *The New Republic* (August 8, '28)

Stuart Chase

IS it possible, blindfolded, to tell the difference between brands of cigarettes? Yes! will cry a hundred thousand smokers with the utmost confidence. Pick my favorite brand, blindfolded, in the dark, upside down, of course I can!

Yet the chances are that a careful test of all the smokers in the country would show that they could pick their winner just once in every nine times it was presented to them. The mathematical chance of recognizing their favorite among the others on the market works out to just 11.6 percent—instead of the 100 percent they so confidently assert.

This figure was arrived at by a series of exhaustive tests carried on in the psychological department of Reed College, Portland, Oregon. The work was done under the direction of Mr. Louis Goodman, as a thesis requirement, and the results, in the form of a 160-page typewritten document, lie before me, complete with case histories of the subjects who volunteered for the tests, and endless statistical tables of correlations and probabilities. A most imposing document, that sheds light not only on cigarettes, but upon the whole phenomenon of buying commodities by brands and advertising appeal. Our eyes can be readily trained to recognize the package, but our taste-buds, our noses, our fingers—aye, and in many cases our stomachs, our lights and our livers—seem to be a stupider lot. Unaided, they seem totally unable to recognize the heart leaves of the tobacco plant, or the essence of a good many other things.

More than 20 students were tested by Mr. Goodman, covering a period of two months. All were seasoned smokers (of

at least two years' standing); all volunteered to submit to the tests with the utmost confidence in their ability to select their favorite brands.

Here is M. P., a typical subject. He has smoked steadily for five years at an average of 120 cigarettes a week. He names 21 brands, both domestic and foreign, to which he is accustomed. His favorite is Lucky Strike; he inhales all forms of tobacco; he is much given to conversation about pipes and smoking mixtures; other things being equal he likes them strong; "all of the subject's certainty degrees at the start were very high." Obviously no suckling.

The testing procedure was very carefully worked out, and included blindfolds, smoking with and without holders, frequent rest periods, black unsweetened coffee to destroy taste sensations between presentations, and all manner of safeguards and precautions. Methodology alone claims 27 pages of the manuscript. The primary purpose of the experiment was to determine the ability of smokers to discriminate between cigarettes on the basis of olfactory and gustatory cues.

Specifically the tests concerned themselves with the recognition of brands when all visual cues were taken away; with the consistency of "like" and "dislike" reactions when a series repeating several brands was presented; with the ability to recognize strong as against mild cigarettes.

The results of the experiments are summarized thus:

1. The subjects could not recognize brands on the basis of gustatory and olfactory cues.

2. The subjects, when deprived of

only visual cues, could not name brands correctly.

3. The subjects could not differentiate between two cigarettes (specified as "No. 1" and "No. 2") *even when smoking without holders or blindfolds.*

4. The subjects could not give consistent answers of "like" and "dislike" for their favorite brands or any others. (Thus in a series, a subject would say "like" to a Lucky Strike when it was first presented, "dislike" on the second presentation, "indifferent" on the third.)

5. The subjects could not recognize their favorite brands.

6. The subjects could not differentiate between what they called strong and mild cigarettes.

7. The subjects, as a group, could not differentiate between straight Turkish and domestic tobaccos. (But a few performed well enough to warrant further experimentation on this point.)

8. The subjects consistently did less well than they would have done on a probability (guesswork) basis, indicating dependence on extraneous cues furnished by the experimenter's technique, rather than use of objective ones offered by the tobacco itself.

Here is one of the tables. Old Gold, in 44 presentations, was twice correctly named. Rather it was called:

Camel	13 times
Lucky Strike	10 times
Fatima	7 times
Chesterfield	5 times
Stroller	4 times
Three Castles	1 time
Tareyton	1 time
One Eleven	1 time
<i>Total errors</i>	42

With what disillusionment came some sad reflections. One of the men, who for years had been paying the few cents more for "that whale of a difference," found conclusively that he could not distinguish Fatimas from Strollers—at half the price. Another claimed that Tareyton and Piedmont were the only two "sweet" brands; he always knew

them. Yet, blindfolded, he triumphantly named the two when he was actually smoking, first, a Fatima, and, second, a Chesterfield. Another, while smoking a Camel, which he had named a Lucky Strike, said that Luckies never hurt his throat, whereas Camels are "terrible and stick in one's throat." Another, having been presented with Fatimas (one of his favorites) twice, and having missed both times, while smoking a third wanted to bet the experimenter, and give him odds to boot, that he had not yet been tendered a Fatima. Another, when his favorite, Three Castles, was presented straight through a couplet test, called it first an Old Gold, and then Marlboro, and claimed that the former was strong and the latter mild—when he was smoking the same package of Three Castles all the time.

Summaries of all tests indicate:

Test	Result on Basis of Pure Chance	Actual Performance
Recognition of Brands	17.6%	15.7%
Recognition of Favorite	17.6	11.6
Recognition of Strong	38.3	28.8
Recognition of Mild	63.7	57.9
Correlation between "like" and "dislike"	40.0	30.8

In brief, despite the flaring advertisements, "the only way to recognize a cigarette is to look at the label." And it is more than probable that if equally careful tests were made of all manner of other nationally advertised commodities, the same sort of figures would be forthcoming. With no sight of the package or its contents, how accurate or consistent would we be in recognizing or "liking" perfumes, dentifrices, puffed cereals, coffees, teas, candies, patent medicines, ginger ales, canned goods?

Increasingly we buy with our eyes, and those that can assault the vision most arrestingly get the order. This all adds to the romance of commerce, but it adds nothing at all either to intelligence or the bank account of the wayfaring consumer.



Is Socialism Dead?

Condensed from the *Century* (August, '28)

Will Durant

AT the bottom of our change of creed," says the radical who has arrived at disillusionment, "is the discovery of the natural inequality of mankind. It is bitterly clear that all individuals, races, and species are by nature unequal, through different fortune in heredity and environment.

"Further, the very character of the struggle for existence is such that evolution strengthens just those acquisitive, competitive and pugnacious impulses which make man so individualistic, so unmanageable in the harness of socialism. Watch the quarrels of radical parties, their strife for office, their endless divisions. Watch the jurisdictional disputes of trade-unions, those organizations upon which we used to build our syndicalist Utopias; are these disputes settled by right or by might?

"Only the man consciously below the average in power desires equality; the others prefer freedom. Even the man below the average may wish the individualistic game to go on; he is a gambler, and likes the lottery of modern life even although the chances are all against him.

"Acquisition is the most perennial of the instincts. We tire of eating, or of playing, or of fighting, or even of loving; but we seem never to tire of acquisition. And no wonder this impulse is persistent; it has its origin in the search for food, and thence spreads to include all useful, and many useless, things; in every generation it was necessary to survival, and those who had it most were surest to be selected and to propagate their like. Its source is insecurity: the dog is greedy because he has no confidence in the future, and has many bitter

memories of the past. Perhaps when the social order is thoroughly secure, men will be less eager to accumulate, and more willing to give and to share.

"It is this disease of acquisition that destroys equality as civilization grows. Equality is like equilibrium; the slightest touch of difference brings it to an end. In primitive life the family encouraged mutual aid, and equality flourished by comparison with today; but when inventions came, and created the division of labor, men became unequally valuable to society and stratification set in. See its history in America; within a century we have passed from an almost ideal equality to an unprecedented variety and inequality of classes, by the multiplication of inventions and the natural diversity and acquisitiveness of man. The same process of differentiation is destroying socialism in Australia, and will destroy it in Russia too, though the state and the army stand ready to preserve it against the greed of man. Nature will out."

And yet, if socialism is bound to be displaced, is it not being displaced by the fulfilment of its aim? Through my window comes the sound of a giant machine digging steadily, resolutely, a trench along the street. Deep into the earth sink the iron teeth; a great shovel captures the loosened rock and soil and lifts them into a massive truck; in a trice the truck is filled, and by some magic power the heavy load is drawn away. Here is menial work, but no manual toil, and no slavery; only a proud mechanic guiding the great machine, only a calm driver moving the tons of earth with a touch of his foot and the turn of a wheel. This takes the

place of a hundred skill-less men, digging wearily, with tools a thousand years old, with patience a thousand years old, never dreaming that their slavery will end. Everywhere the wonder of invention goes, striking the shackles from a hundred men at each step, making mechanical power cheaper than the humblest brawn, compelling men to be only the intellectual factor in the work of life. Slavery comes to an end not because it is unjust, but because it is too wasteful a way of producing the goods of the world.

Who knows but that socialism itself will come, not through justice but through the growing dissatisfaction of technical and executive minds with the wastefulness and chaos of individualist industry? Who knows but that there may come a quiet gathering of the great executives of America, seeking to replace competition by coöperation?

"Gentlemen," says one, "we are so rich that mere wealth cannot satisfy us any more. We have organized and developed great industries; but each of us has lost himself in his own tasks. There is something that we have left unorganized, chaotic, primitive; and that is our country. Let us organize America.

"There is ignorance in America. We can destroy it with schools and colleges. There is poverty in America; we can destroy it. We do not need poor men, mindless slaves, as the world once thought it needed them. We need men who can handle complex machines, who can be relied upon to think as well as obey. There is no room for slums in a modern city. We can reconstruct industry so that there will be no place in it any more for men or women too poorly paid to live in comfort and cleanliness. Already some of us have begun to do this. It can be done by all.

"There is corruption in American public life; we can destroy it. The time has come to demand a specific preparation and technical training for every candidate for office. We can encourage the establishment of schools for political

administration in our universities. We can build a state in which only the fit shall be eligible for office.

"Above all, we can make America the home of the civilization of the world. It would be shameful if we were to be merely the wealthiest of all nations. Our wealth is a means, an investment which has been made with us, on which we must pay the dividends of science and art. Consider what Pericles did with the aid of the rich men of Athens; how the rich men of Rome, under Augustus, turned a chaos of brick into a splendor of marble; how the rich men of Florence and Venice fostered an art which all our money could not buy. And yet the combined wealth of those civilizations, in Greece and Rome and Italy, could not begin to equal ours. When shall we lay plans to surpass them?"

But perhaps we look with too much hope toward our great executives. There is something still finer in America. There are our colleges and universities, imperfect and magnificent. The more experience we have of the students there, the more faith we shall feel in the future. The students of our boyhood days were more staunchly conservative than their teachers. But now—see them over-riding a thousand prohibitions, experimenting with all *mores* and traditions, trying and testing everything. They make mistakes, they break down—but never in our history were the young so open-minded to the future and so resolute to make life finer than it was.

Let us believe in these boys and girls; we can be certain that we did not waste our love when we lavished schooling upon them and trusted that they would be a nobler generation than ourselves. They will have more knowledge than we have; and with that knowledge they will remake their lives. What a civilization that will be, when education, always spreading and always deepening, reaching both sexes, and ferreting out the hidden talent of every class, shall have done its work for another 50 years!

Note: The first section of Mr. Durant's article appeared in our September issue.

Mrs. Henderson of Washington

Condensed from Plain Talk (June, '28)

Duff Gilfond

THE turreted, brownstone castle of Norman pattern on Sixteenth Street, in which Mrs. John B. Henderson has lived for 40 years, furnishes social and diplomatic Washington with more thrills than the White House. From it a tirade against some modernism is sure to issue. Washingtonians accept it graciously as they do "Diplomatic Hill," the row of handsome embassies she built for housing foreign officials and the embellishment of her street. Although her roast ducklings and turkeys are but a composite of nuts and spices moulded in the shape of an animal, though she criticizes her guests' clothes and makes them tote their own cigarettes, an invitation to Henderson castle is always an honor.

Diplomats are her particular protégés and in their dark midst the silver-haired old dowager, in her ankle-length dresses, basks. She gives them a dance every Monday afternoon in her elegant ballroom. Despite her 85 years she is the life of the party, scurrying about in her flat-heeled slippers to greet her guests. She dances every dance and, be her partner a fat, bejewelled baroness or a lithe secretary, she leads the dance. This causes some confusion at first, but with persistence Mrs. Henderson invariably breaks in the least pliable of Senators.

It was many years ago when Mrs. Henderson summoned her coach, swooped down on her architect, and tersely informed him that they were going to build a chain of embassies on Sixteenth Street, the future *Quartier Diplomatique* of America. He pointed out that the street was full of dumps and negro shacks and that really . . .

"Listen to me," she interposed, "start at once or I'll get some one who will."

Today a galaxy of handsome mansions flaunting foreign flags gives Sixteenth Street all the distinction for which Mrs. Henderson yearned. Her critics say (*sotto voce*) that she is really a de luxe real estate operator. This is decidedly untrue. She would readily give up many ducats in her pocket for a diplomat in her neighborhood. One penurious embassy occupied a mansion a long time without paying at all.

In the devotion to her cause Mrs. Henderson has made moral as well as financial concessions. Although she crossed a débutante off her list because her Senator Papa and Mama had once been unconventional, though she peremptorily ordered another out of her swimming pool because her bathing suit was skimpy; in spite of the fact that she distributed a folder among her friends in moral defense of her son who had apparently succumbed to charm, she failed to shut the gates of her castle to an Ambassador and his wife who, it was said, were bootleggers.

There is no limit to her persistence when she wants something. She does not rely on age, wealth, or social prestige. Rising at dawn, she is at the telephone before the most conscientious Congressman has finished shaving. If necessary, she appears in his reception room with the morning sun. Unlike most women, she can state her proposition in three minutes.

Her energy is boundless. Her words rush forth so rapidly that she stammers. Her invitations are issued by telephone, a method with which only she could get

by. She saws wood for exercise and grows succulent mushrooms under her ballroom floor, it is said. She is a student of architecture, a French linguist and a patron of art. She brought Lucien Powell to the fore and, in fact, has done some creditable work herself. Years ago she sat for John Singer Sargent and the story goes that though the portrait was very beautiful, the eyes did not satisfy her; they weren't blue or sparkling enough, so Mrs. Henderson touched them up and let the praise go to Mr. Sargent.

One day Mrs. Henderson summoned up the courage of her convictions in regard to liquor, and asked a temperance society what should be done with her priceless storehouse. They suggested the gutter.

"Excellent," said Mrs. Henderson. "It had better go down the gutter than down some one's throat."

Out came hundreds of cobwebby bottles of rare old wines and cordials, and a gorgeous red stream ran down into the sewer at Florida Avenue, filling the atmosphere with an exotic perfume. Mrs. Henderson stood by in triumph—her castle was purged.

Not only her cellar but her kitchen. Nothing attests her power so much as her success in eliminating both liquor and meat. Her guests have learned to fill up on her banana and nut combinations, fixed with little papers on the end to look like chops. Her attitude on meat is poetically stated in her book, *The Aristocracy of Health*:

May the day soon come when the murder of our fellow creatures for burial in the human stomach will be regarded with horror. How revolting is the sight on a dining table of a murdered bird, a tiny corpse. A portion of his back! Of his thigh! Perhaps the head of a winsome calf, with eyes half closed, mute in death, while the mother is howling. Such ghoulish scenes better fit the feast of a hyena.

Mrs. Henderson planned to give this book to the newspapers but refused, it is said, to leave it in the hands of a man who smoked. There was apparently no other kind so she published it herself. Her indictment of tobacco explains her

reputed hesitancy in turning the book over to a weedy editor.

Of all the forces of demonology, that of tobacco is the cleverest. Even that bungling, staggering maudlin, stupefying idiot and brutal demon—alcohol—cannot compare in deceit with the gentle, plausible and insidiously lovable siren—tobacco.

For years Mrs. Henderson fêted Congressmen until she had convinced them that the stretch of land opposite her home was decreed for a park and should be converted into one by the government. To be sure, the land there is so high that nobody can see it except from the tower of Mrs. Henderson's castle. But when completed, with statues and fountains, it is expected to be very beautiful.

One of her great ambitions was fulfilled when Congress was persuaded to re-christen Sixteenth Street as *The Avenue of the Presidents*. In her campaign, which took several years, she had placards bearing the coveted name hung from one end of the long street to the other. Her stationery carried the grander title and to her friends she said repeatedly: "Now, remember, you don't live on Sixteenth Street but on The Avenue of the Presidents." Congress finally succumbed to her appeals but had to reverse its decision. Opponents said it was funny to have a Fifteenth and Seventeenth but no Sixteenth Street, and that no presidents had lived on it anyhow. But Mrs. Henderson has not entirely abandoned her scheme. It is said that after her opponents in Congress are defeated or dead she will resume it.

Her recent crusades have been against tall buses and short skirts. Tearing up her beloved boulevard and emitting "noises like stone grist mills" are but minor offenses of that evil conveyance which permits upper deck passengers to peep into diplomats' bedrooms. Short skirts and flesh colored hose, she says, are "vulgar imitations of underworld fashion."

Pride in Mrs. Henderson, however, has not lessened. Every town has its First Citizen and Washington hangs on to Mrs. Henderson.

What Has Happened to War

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (August 11, '28)

Garet Garrett

A FEW years ago, a singular psychic disturbance occurred in this country. To someone walking up Fifth Avenue the thought came suddenly: "How rich we are! What a temptation this American spectacle must be to the rest of the world! Surely something will happen. It is not safe to be so rich. Historically it is not safe."

Then he said it out loud, and because a great many people had been silently thinking it, the thought passed back and forth through the country like a shudder. You heard it at dinners, in speeches, in editorials. A people so rich had better look to their defense. Anything might happen. The world was envious. Could it be trusted to withstand such temptation? "Anything," of course, meant a combination of foreign nations to get their hand on America's wealth.

What this disturbance illustrates is the habit of fear surviving from the time when wealth could be carried off. It is fear lacking in common sense to distinguish between old and modern forms of wealth. For what is it in American wealth that could be transferred under a sign of war to those who covet it? Could they take the skyscrapers, the railroads, the chains of mass production, the ideas and ideals that keep industry going? Gold, perhaps. But all the gold would not be a sufficient reward for the trouble of taking it. Gold is no longer wealth; with no gold at all we might still be quite as rich as we are. Modern wealth is not portable; it exists in forms that cannot be transferred by war.

Yet access to this immense reservoir

of American wealth lies open to everyone. The same powers that would not find it worth the effort to take our gold by force, are free to borrow American wealth up to many times the value of all the measuring gold we possess. There is no limit to the amount they can borrow and use as their own, provided only that they will pay interest on it. And it is not only that the cost of interest is much less than the cost of war. The power of interest to command the use of wealth is enormously greater than the power of war to the same end.

It is a new world. The age of science is a century and a quarter. In that time, which is as one minute on the dial of human experience, the conditions of life have changed more than perhaps in all previous time. All at once in the plan of life such ancient designs as Caesarism, portable treasure, and slavery are changed to economic motive, science, credit, machine industry and free labor. The swift unexpectedness of this alteration has projected man suddenly into a present that has no contact with the past.

In the days when Imperial Rome ruled the world, war worked. The Roman general, Vespasian, putting down the insurrection in Judea, sends to Caesar a trophy of 6000 slaves. No more slaves were needed at Rome just then, and the victorious general turned the remainder of the healthy population into cash, selling it into slavery. As for food, it was piled up in mountains for shipment to Rome, and the slaves, though starving, dared not touch it.

The obsolescence of the Roman

design is so radical that it is hard to imagine that it once worked. Rome, producing nothing, imported everything her ravenous, idle population consumed. She exported garbage and administration. Who among the tribute payers objected to this balance of trade were chastised with the sword.

The Franco-German war—1870—was the last war between great powers that had a paying aspect. The industrial age had arrived, but it had not unfolded. Both combatants were self-contained. It was professional war still. The Germans were readier, and they walked off with five billion francs and the province of Alsace-Lorraine.

But the World War turned out very differently. War between any two great nations, both industrialized, was bound to release uncontrollable new powers, engulf the whole of civilization, and make a fiction of neutrality. When Germany was defeated, she signed an undertaking to pay the costs of the war. By what means could she do it? Such sums had never before been heard of outside astronomical calculations—the actual cost of victory enormously exceeded the value of the enemy's total portable and convertible wealth. If, as in the ancient way, the entire German population were put on the block and sold into slavery at \$100 a head, the proceeds would represent perhaps one-tenth of what it had cost the victors to win the war.

Let us illustrate the point further. It is imaginable that one nation by incredible effort may find the power to conquer the world. Having gained the victory, her immediate dilemma will be in what status to leave the defeated nations. If she thinks to destroy their power of recovery for purposes of revenge, that means she must wreck their factories, their laboratories, all that dynamic industrial structure which in our age makes war; but it will occur to her at once that if she does this she will also destroy their capacity to pay any amount remotely resembling the cost of conquest.

What is the alternative? She may

leave them in possession of their industrial strength so that they can produce wealth; but she will have to keep a jealous eye on every factory and laboratory on earth, to make sure that the means of revenge are not secretly preparing. Add to this the task of ruling, policing, and taxing the whole world, and what will happen? Her energies will be absorbed in a system of administration, espionage and repression. From necessary neglect, even more for want of incentive, her own industrial structure, which was the source of her power, will decay. The sequel will be swift and terrible.

She may think to capitalize the victory in territory, taking those places which are rich in fertility and minerals. But what will she do with it? Till it and mine it with her own labor? There is nothing in that. And if she undertakes to exploit it with impressed enemy labor, she is bound to find that her food and raw materials cost more than when she got them by trade.

Next she will think of markets. But what have been her best markets? The very ones, of course, which she had previously enjoyed with the great rival nations she has conquered, and now, although she cannot afford to destroy them, she is afraid to let them live as they were before.

Victory, therefore, as a mocking economic disaster!

The reality of this dilemma was what confronted the victorious nations at the end of the World War. How should they deal with Germany? If they weakened her, she could not pay reparations. If they left her with her dynamic power, she would be strong again, and nobody could make her pay. The nations chose the second as the lesser evil. To let Germany live was imperative. To clarify the reasons why it was imperative is the task to which political thinkers should be addressing their whole intelligence, for these are also the reasons why war for economic advantage, now for the first time in the history of the race, is a bankrupt enterprise.

The Fiery Double-Cross

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (July 28, '28)

"Col." William Joseph Simmons tells the story to William G. Shepherd

A TEXAS dentist, an Indiana coal dealer and a New York waterfront strikebreaker took the Ku Klux Klan away from "Col." Simmons just when great quantities of money began pouring into the treasury. He had gone through six years of hard labor putting the organization on its feet. He had created a honey-pot containing over one million dollars; he created a field in which almost 2,000,000 Americans were annually yielding gold for this pot; the flow of golden-sweets was ever growing.

One day he figured for me how he had planned to collect \$58,000,000 during one year from 1,000,000 Klansmen. He was going to build a university and hospitals and perform other beneficent acts with much of this money. But it was only a one-night job to get the Klan out of Simmons' hands. The story has never before been told. Reporters were barred by hooded detectives while the deed was done.

Hiram Wesley Evans was the Texas dentist referred to. Today he is still head of the Klan. The coal dealer, D. C. Stephenson, is now a life convict in Michigan City penitentiary for the murder of a ravished girl. The New York strikebreaker, Fred L. Savage, once head of the Klan secret service, is now out of it. Evans alone, of the three, remains in power.

"The Klan was spreading like wild-fire at the time," "Col." Simmons told me. "Congress had started an investigation of the Klan in 1921, and had dropped it. That gave us our big push. Within the next year after the Washington investigations we took in 1,100,000 new members. They were putting money

into the Klan at the rate of about \$35,000 a day, of which at least \$8000 a day was coming into the Atlanta headquarters. The mails brought in thousands of dollars hourly. Delegations came daily to my office from every corner of the country.

"When the Klan was seven years old, in the Thanksgiving season of 1922, I decided to have a national gathering, or a 'Klonvocation.'"

Simmons' preparations for the Klonvocation were on the grand scale. He had purchased the famous old Peachtree Creek Battlefield, with its civil war trench still visible, and had built a huge frame auditorium, straddling the creek. He had fenced in the battlefield.

What happened at this convention was hidden from the public; Savage's detectives were keeping reporters at a distance.

"All I could think of doing was praying," said "Col." Simmons. "They all knelt. I was told afterward that tears streamed down many faces as we prayed. We sang 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' some of the men still weeping with emotion. Then I delivered my address.

"Doubtless the angels themselves," he cried, "as they peer over the battlements of the eternal city, hold a kind of envy of you, in your position and in the work you have to do . . . if that work is well done there will be joy in the presence of the angels on high . . . this order is not and never will be in politics. . . . On all sides the sons of the white man's breed were feeling the tremendous pressure that threatened to crush out the Anglo-Saxon civilization. They saw the peril but there was no relief in sight. . . . The original 16 members of the Klan lifted the Fiery Cross, announced the

everlasting principles of white supremacy. . . ."

Fine prayers, no doubt! A good old hymn, as well! And hifalutin oratory!

But if the angels had turned their gaze 400 miles to the southwest, over the black lake of La Fourche, in the swamps of Louisiana, they might have seen, lying in the depths, the terribly mutilated bodies of two American boys—Watt Daniel and Thomas Richard, of the town of Mer Rouge, who had been kidnapped by men who wore the same robes which adorned these men whom Simmons so thrillingly addressed.

That night, in the hotels of Atlanta, where the Klansmen were gathered, strange doings were afoot.

"Evans and Stephenson and Savage sent men around to the rooms of Klansmen delegates, poisoning their minds against me," Simmons told me. "They awakened many sleeping delegates.

"'Tomorrow,' they would say, 'comes the election of Imperial Wizard. Emperor Simmons has asked us to select an assistant for him. We think it will be best to elect Hiram Wesley Evans to be Imperial Wizard, and leave the greater powers of Emperor to Col. Simmons. Will you promise to vote for Evans in the election tomorrow?'

"Of course they secured hundreds of promises during the night because they were told that this was my request."

About four o'clock in the morning two men drove up to "Col." Simmons' home—"Klancrest." They were Stephenson and Savage, two rough-and-ready men, of vast experience in the weakness of human nature.

"First," says Simmons, "they told me they were out for an early drive and couldn't sleep with all the excitement. Finally Savage said to me, 'Well, Colonel, we both just dropped around to tell you that, whatever happens on the convention floor tomorrow, there will be armed men stationed round on the floor to protect your honor.'

"'Protect my honor!' I said. 'What do you mean?'

"'Why,' said one of them, 'there is a certain crowd of men here who say that

if you are nominated for the office of Imperial Wizard tomorrow they will get up on the floor and attack your character. And we've just come to tell you that the first man who insults your name will be killed by a sharpshooter right where he speaks. There'll be enough of us with firearms to take care of the whole convention, if necessary.'

"Before they went away, however, they told me we could avoid bloodshed if I would agree to have Evans elected Imperial Wizard. I didn't sleep any more that night. I saw visions of a bloody shambles among the 1000 delegates the next day."

Next morning there was a prayer meeting in the "imperial" cottage, where Simmons met with Evans, Stephenson, Savage and others of the Klan council.

"I prayed for divine guidance," Simmons told me; "I didn't want any killing in the hall." Killings that came too close to Simmons met his earnest objection, though it is not on record that he ever raised an "emperor's" hand to end the reign of terror in Moorehouse Parish, or in other Klan-terrified districts.

After a short talk "Col." Simmons dramatically said:

"Evans is to be the Imperial Wizard."

The signal was carried across to the auditorium and within an hour the convention had voted into the hands of Hiram Wesley Evans all the power which Simmons had been years in gathering.

"I didn't know at first that my interests had been harmed," said Simmons. "The convention adopted a constitution and adjourned. When I went out to 'The Palace,' however, within the next few days, I saw Evans sitting at my desk in my office. He didn't get up to give me my place. He said to me:

"'Col. Simmons, I am planning to make a great white throne-room where you can meet all visitors.'

"But he never got around to making the throne-room."

At a printer's, one day soon after, "Col." Simmons saw a pile of small booklets. He read the cover of one:

"Constitution of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan."

"I opened it. I discovered that it had been changed in many places. Every power that had belonged to me as Emperor had been given to the Imperial Wizard. Evans and the rest of them laughed at me when I complained. Evans had gotten his hands on the original constitution.

"Let's get the money, Colonel"—that's exactly what Evans said to me when I protested."

Fighting the Klan was a harder job for Simmons than creating it in the first place.

"I kept it up until a ghastly murder unnerved me," he says. In 1923 he started on a speaking tour. Wherever he went he was served by injunctions, secured by Klansmen. "I wrote a book for Klansmen, trying to get the truth to them, but Evans issued an order banishing anyone who read it. All this time, remember, I was still the Emperor. To this day Klansmen don't know that the Klan is in the hands of aliens who are trying to kill it, for it is dead to every original program and purpose."

Famous and aristocratic old Peachtree Street shuddered with terror, nightly, after Simmons began a court action against Evans, on the grounds of maladministration.

Two sets of armed men guarded "The Palace" and practically camped under the trees in "The Palace" lawn. One was Simmons'; the other, Evans'.

"There would have been a pitched battle in Atlanta's streets if I hadn't agreed to arbitration."

Then in November, 1923, there came a most brutal murder within Klan circles. Capt. William S. Coburn, a lawyer, had begun an action to take the Klan away from Evans and his associates. There was, in Atlanta, a newspaper man named Philip E. Fox, editor of a Klan magazine and general publicity man for the order.

"One night," "Col." Simmons told me, "while I was away from home, Phil Fox called at my house late. Some men friends of mine who were visiting my

home received him. He demanded to see me but my friends assured him I was out of town. He remained about an hour, talking excitedly, and eventually drew out a .45 revolver, saying: 'I was sent here to kill Simmons.' They made him put his gun away. My friends had guns, too. We all wore guns then. Phil Fox told my friends that both myself and Coburn were marked for death.

"The next afternoon he walked into the office of Capt. Coburn and shot him dead, in cold blood. This murder was too much for me. I didn't want to fight men who could kill that way."

This murder, also, was apparently too much for Evans and other Klan leaders in Atlanta.

"Within a few weeks Evans and his whole crowd cleared out and moved to Washington," said "Col." Simmons. "And there they are today."

Phil Fox is in a Georgia penitentiary for life.

His bullet ended the fight between Simmons and Evans. Simmons accepted the sum of \$90,000 for his copyright of Klan emblems. "And I sank the \$90,000 in a new order, the 'Knights of the Flaming Sword,'" he told me bitterly.

In Washington, true enough, I found the headquarters of the Ku Klux Klan. This may be news to those Klansmen who do not know that their "wizards" and other officials have moved. Their latest Kloran says, "Done in the Imperial City of-Atlanta, Georgia, January 16, 1928." Dr. Evans' office is not, however, at the headquarters, but is hidden away behind the sign of a life insurance company.

An altar stands in Dr. Evans' office, in the insurance company's suite. There is a Bible on it; beside it stand the American flag and the Ku Klux Klan banner. Pictures of various Presidents hang on the walls.

Here came Dr. Evans; round-faced, smiling, pudgy, he shook hands cordially and threw himself easily into his chair. I told him that Collier's wished to give him a chance to answer Simmons' story. What Dr. Evans told me is undoubtedly what he and his associates are trying to

tell millions of other Americans in these days of attempted Klan growth. A Presidential campaign is a good time for cashing in on emotion, and there are plenty of signs that the Klan leaders are taking advantage of the present political contest to get a high income from intolerance.

"They thrust that Wizard job on me," said Evans. "After Simmons had us all get down on our knees while he prayed that morning, he got up and rendered me almost speechless by declaring that I should be the Wizard."

I wanted to get around to the Phil Fox murder, but first I asked Evans if it was true that he had unmasked the Klan. And here Evans made public his strongest present-day "selling talk" for the Klan.

"Yes, sir. The mask was one of Simmons' crazy ideas. It wasn't necessary. Millions of Americans hate the mask. In the new Kloran we drop the mask entirely. We are changing the robes too, though those who have the present robes will be given a chance to wear them out." New hats, new robes, but the same old hates and prejudices will be for sale. Hates don't wear out like cotton robes.

I got around to the murder. "Simmons says that Phil Fox, one of your assistants, murdered Capt. Coburn because Coburn was bringing a court action against the Klan," I said. "Simmons says that Fox came to his house and planned to murder him, too."

"That's not so," shot back the round-faced man in the chair. "Coburn had lost his case. Why should I send a man to kill a lawyer who had already lost his action against the Klan? Why don't these people who say I was behind the Coburn killing go to the Georgia penitentiary and talk to Phil Fox? What hold can I have on him now that would keep him silent? That affair was a

woman scrape between Coburn and Fox, as indicated at the time of the trial.

"There have been times in this position," said Dr. Evans, "when I was like a man in a rowboat, 40 miles from shore, in a storm, with no oars. I took the job when there were whippings all over the South. I had to run around and stop those."

Not many months ago, in a court action in Pennsylvania, the Klan, under Dr. Evans, tried to remove five men from the state organization; the five "banned" Klansmen, on the other hand, tried to collect \$20,000,000 on behalf of the state Klan, which they purposed to control, from the National Klan.

It was an inter-Klan fight. Neither group won. But Federal Judge W. P. Thompson, who sat throughout long days listening to testimony of whippings, killings, intimidation and Klan riots, finally said,

"This unlawful organization, so destructive of the rights and liberties of the people, has come in vain asking this court of equity for relief.

"They come in with filthy hands and can get no assistance here."

I have worked many months in securing material, and talked with many leaders and plain members of the Klan. They all speak to me of their love for their country and their fear of this or that group or of "alien influences" in general. And I always recall what Woodrow Wilson said to a group of aliens who were about to be admitted to citizenship:

"My earnest advice to you would be not only to think first of America but always also to think first of humanity. You do not love humanity if you seek to divide humanity into jealous camps. Humanity can be welded together only by love, by sympathy, by justice; not by jealousy and hatred."



Profiteering on Grief

Condensed from The New Republic (August 22, '28)

Paul Blanshard

IF I should die tomorrow, my wife would telephone an undertaker. The suave gentleman who answers the telephone would come to take my wife in his car to the funeral home. She enters a lobby that is supplied with quietness, high ceilings, imitations of ancient tapestry, marble pillars, and three gentlemen with gray striped trousers. These gentlemen are distinguished and silent. They make no abrupt motions.

One of them leads my wife into a palatial "arrangement room," with subdued lights and a statue of Paul and Virginia and a huge Italian desk on which reposes a contract. From there she is taken to the casket room. She is feeling tired, presumably not in a bargaining mood. Having had no previous experience in buying caskets for husbands, she is somewhat confused. In front of her is a bewildering array of models, black cloth, pearl cloth, flashing white silk, polished wood, bronze, silver handles. The conspicuous caskets in the center of the room cost from \$300 to \$1500. The attendant gives her a glimpse of a room where especially noble containers run up to \$30,000. The suggestion imparted is that if she contemplates elegance she can buy in *that* room, but that normal widows are satisfied with cheap caskets ranging from \$400 to \$500.

Behind glass doors are cheaper caskets which she does not examine. A plain black one, which nobody points out, costs \$100. Rather absently she finally selects a casket that seems about "average."

When the funeral is over my wife receives a bill for \$674. That is the average burial bill of New York estates of persons in my economic class, that is, of

persons who carry \$5000 of life insurance and whose total estate is less than \$10,000.

Suppose, however, that the mortician had discovered in my family a rich uncle who was helping with expenses. Would the cost have been limited to \$674? Not likely. Any imaginative undertaker is able to transform a \$674 funeral into a \$1500 funeral without the addition of a single pall-bearer. Last year in New York a certain marine engineer died and his firm volunteered to meet the funeral expenses. The morticians, the same ones who buried Rudolph Valentino, sent the widow the following bill:

Casket, selected	\$750.00
Case stone vault	150.00
Face veil	7.50
Slumber robe	100.00
Embalming	50.00
Casketing and dressing	20.00
Grave opening	25.00
Evergreen grave lining, lowering device	25.00
Hearse	45.00
Limousines, 4 @ \$40	160.00
Pall bearers (4) at church and cemetery	60.00
Pall bearers' limousine	40.00
Delivering outside case to cemetery	15.00
Death notices	24.00
Floral door pieces 2 @ \$10	20.00
Palm decoration at church and home	75.00
Funeral director and assistants	35.00
General service charge	50.00
Extra limousine	40.00
Flower car	40.00
Transcript of death certificate	1.50
Total	\$1,732.00

What is a face veil? And what is a slumber robe? A face veil is something respectfully spread over the face of the corpse while it lies in a room, for the use of which the bereaved can be charged \$7.50. The mortician keeps the veil after its arduous service. Likewise a slumber robe is a garment which may envelope the corpse while it lies in state, for which the widow can be charged \$100.

It, also, is saved for later use. At least the grave opening and the death certificate are legitimate expenses!

Now suppose I should die tomorrow at Bellevue hospital, a complete pauper. If I died without decent clothing I would be dressed in a shroud that costs 32 cents. Then my body would be put into a plain pine box which costs the city \$1.73. It would be carried by a city hearse to a ferry boat, which would take it to Harts' Island, New York's pauper burial ground. There I would be buried "three deep" by prisoners under the direction of a city employee. My city funeral would cost \$12.

These figures are taken from a book by John C. Gebhart which is the fruitage of a year's research by a staff of experts under a national committee financed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The most interesting part of Mr. Gebhart's study is the contrast which he draws between the funeral extravagance of America and the economic restraint on the Continent. "The general tendency in Europe," he says, "is to regard burial as a public utility, regulated, to some degree at least, by the State."

Switzerland has free burial for all its citizens. Zurich sells its own coffins and other funeral merchandise, and supplies free of charge a complete burial service to citizens who wish it, at a cost to the city of about \$20 per funeral. Dresden has three classes of municipal funerals with standard charges, and Munich has six—the highest-priced is \$176.83, exclusive of the grave. Munich has no private morticians.

Mr. Gebhart has revealed the tragic effect of costly funerals upon incomes of the poor in our larger cities. Taking the industrial-policy holders of the Metropolitan Life who pay their insurance in tiny instalments by the week, he discovered that their average funeral bill was \$363.13, while their average insurance with the Metropolitan was \$308.59.

Even the widows of New York who are on the city's charity list spend, on the average, more than \$300 for their husbands' funerals. What makes this expense seem brutal is that the widow, who is charged a 300 to 400 percent profit on a casket, is somewhat overwhelmed by grief and not in bargaining mood.

Americans would bury their dead with simplicity and cheapness if it could be made clear to them that the community approved of simplicity and cheapness. In the World War, American mothers dispensed with costly funerals. The international standard of war burials without caskets or embalming or processions was a community standard more powerful than that set up by the mortician.

The most serious obstacle to socializing the funeral in America is the superstition of the citizen that he will be tainted by "charity" if the community intervenes at the death of his beloved. The same citizen will accept schools, parks, and clinics from the community because it has been made clear to him that he will not lose social caste in the process. He would accept municipal funerals in the same way if he could once become accustomed to them.

The mechanics of socializing the funeral industry would be relatively simple. By every normal test the industry is a natural public utility. New York City, for instance, could easily build a funeral cathedral supplied with scores of private rooms and chapels, palms and flower gardens, that would eclipse in beauty and dignity anything provided by private morticians. The city could certainly produce a simple, cloth-covered coffin for \$25. It is probable that for \$100 the city could provide grave and funeral, hearse and chapel—and not ask the taxpayers for a cent.

Where is there a city in America progressive enough to undertake this significant piece of social pioneering?



The Story of Krupp's

Condensed from The Magazine of Business (August, '28)

Henry Albert Phillips

KRUPP! Few industrial enterprises can equal Krupp from the point of romance; none can approach it from the point of sheer drama. The shoe-string beginnings in 1811 when Napoleon, in the zenith of his power, had blockaded England and deprived Germany of the famous Sheffield crucible steel; the failure of the enterprise when that blockade was broken; the wiping out of the fortunes of the Krupp family, and the death of the founder of the company; his 14-year-old son taking desperate hold of the ruins and struggling along on a small scale for 22 years; the gradual growth of the concern as the maker of war material for Prussia; the climb to prosperity in the Franco-Prussian War, in which the Krupp Works played a star part as the Forge of Mars. Then the period of depression after that war when 4000 hands had to be laid off; its rise again and steady expansion until, under Dr. Gustav von Bohlen-Halbach Krupp, it became the steel backbone of a mighty nation; a fall from power that was no less disastrous than the fall of the Empire; a rebirth that has been no less spectacular than the rebirth of the German nation itself!

On July 1, 1914, we find the Krupp Works one of the most powerful and efficient establishments in the world, with 81,000 persons highly organized and working together with the precision of a titanic steel machine!

The Krupp Works were inextricably bound up in the World War, indeed no less vitally than Germany herself, since both had a common interest and a common destiny. Since the federation of the Empire, steel had come to dominate the lives and dazzle the vision of the

ruling element in Germany. Steel guns and armament, steel ships, steel principles, and steel discipline—a marvelous steel machine!

Krupp's was the core of German ambitions and the carrier of German commerce; Krupp's was the mainstay of German wealth and its invincible weapon of protection.

Yet it is worthy of especial note that at the outbreak of the World War, only *one-twentieth* of Krupp steel output was ordnance. On the instant, however, of the first declaration of hostilities, every energy in the monster plants was shifted to war material. Herein lies one answer to the oft-asked question regarding Germany's ability to withstand the armies of the world in a four-years' war.

By July 1, 1915, the number of employees had been increased by 20,000. Between 1915 and 1917, the floor space was increased from 150 to 210 acres. In the middle of 1917, we learn that all Germany was re-inspired to almost superhuman effort to win the war by the inauguration of a "Hindenburg Program." This closely follows the date of America's entry into the war. Krupp's entered upon the program with its usual dominant spirit, adding 60 acres more to its built-in floorage. The Krupp Shipbuilding Yards, meanwhile, became most active in the construction of submarines.

Then came the climax, when Germany crashed down in defeat, carrying its mighty steel engine with it. To all appearances, it was the end. Any story written in 1918 would have placed here the simple word, *Finis*.

But now, ten years later, we must add a dramatic dénouement. For at

no period during its history is the career of the Krupp Works more spectacular than that which followed the capitulation of Germany.

Let us visit the Krupp Works of today.

From the roof of the administration building, ten stories up, we see Krupp's, outstretched before us in a panorama of five square miles! A steel metropolis of a thousand tall chimneys—breathing a vaporous energy like a reeking, sweating beast sprawled out on a cool day. Everything in sight symbolizes energetic life, grimy toil, titanic strength. Smoke rises as if from the friction of it all, blast furnaces belch flames and sulphurous smoke. There is a droning undertone, a growling and groaning of the beast straining under its crushing weight. With always overtones—the mad scutter, scutter, scutter! of donkey engines; the wild shrieks from impatient locomotives; startling crashes of ten-ton loads of waste iron spewed from the maw of huge cranes. Men and machines at death grips with the steel monster!

Descending, we go from building to building via motor and then trudge through them on foot. For three days! In this great five-mile area.

Now we are watching them roll out a 90-foot steel plate as though it had been chewing gum. We pause in awe before a 4000-ton forging press—watch a monster pick up a log of steel, set it in the press as though it were a lead pencil about to be sharpened, see the great hammer descend and sink into the glowing mass to the depth of nearly a foot, squeezing out a gush of molten steel as though it had been a wet rag!

On the second day we leave the din of iron in its struggles to resist the conquering hand and machine of man, and come to the pleasanter but equally huge shops where we learn the peace secret of Krupp's.

But first, we are shown the ridiculously small enclosure in one corner of a great shop, that is the limited space allotted by the Peace Treaty for the manufacture and repair of German ordnance!

"Overnight our huge ordnance and war material apparati came to a standstill," our German informant tells us briefly. "The Krupp firm was confronted with ruin. The task was one quite outside the range of thought. There we were a 100 percent war concern facing absolute peace! Furthermore, Germany was in the grip of a revolutionary unrest that threatened at any moment our very lives.

"First, it was necessary to diminish the great army of workers for which there was no longer anything to do.

"By January 1, 1919, our working force had been reduced to its prewar status—less than 50,000. While the terms of the treaty were being awaited, every moment was employed in studying the terrible problem.

"At last the terms were presented. All plants, machinery, tools that had been or might possibly in the future be used for war material, had to be destroyed. This work alone took us a long time. But it was followed immediately by the installation of new machinery, as fast as it could be designed and constructed, for the many hundreds of articles of peaceful commerce."

There is an epic note to that! It is a challenge to a combat in peace after being vanquished in war.

We pass through shop after shop. Acres of huge locomotives in dignified rows, Diesel engines towering like processions of elephants with howdahs on their backs, textile machines sprouting before your eyes like Ford cars, a sea of dynamos, motors, turbines as far as the eye can see. There are several articles produced that will make America sit up and take notice. There are agricultural machines that have always been associated with American enterprise; cash registers; motion-picture projectors; automatic weighing and mixing machinery—so-called "American" for decades. Engines of Peace!

Here, in the history of Krupp's, one may read the history of Germany. For the iron-and-steel industry is one of the mainstays—if not the mainstay—of her economic life.

The Curse of Leisure

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (September, '28)

Walter Henderson Grimes

A MERE business man without a record of great success has little right to the rôle of a prophet. But puzzling questions have forced me to try to peer into the future. Frankly, I do not like what I think I see ahead. I hope I am wrong.

In my town there are too many merchants, too many hardware dealers, too many banks, druggists, newspapers, garages—and far too many unemployed. This city offers a situation unsurpassed for general manufacturing. That is why we established our factory here. Labor is available at very small wages. Women will work for almost nothing. Actually I have been ashamed at the smallness of some of the pay checks I have signed. And yet we have paid all that we could afford, and sometimes more. Our employees are fine people, industrious, loyal, resourceful. I like them all and believe they have a similar feeling for me.

On my trips I find other men complaining that there is too much production. Said one dealer, "When will you fellows get a little sense and quit flooding the markets?" At our trade conventions we talk curtailment of production—which is never accomplished, although everyone recognizes that somebody has got to quit. Then the professional optimist rises and states that there is no such thing as over-production, that what we refer to by that term is really underconsumption. And then we resolve to have a special week each year to be nationally advertised.

After that I go home and decide that we must lower costs or die in the attempt. Two years ago it required 40 minutes of pay-roll labor to produce one unit of our goods. Last year we reduced it to 30 minutes, and this year we got it down to

20.5 minutes. This we accomplished while still keeping wages at the same rate, but by careful management we were able to produce more goods with the same people at work. New price sheets are gotten out based on our improved costs, but we find that our equally harassed competitors have been fired with the same zeal and have done much as we have done.

The result is that an added burden is laid on our sales department, because it must now sell more goods against the competition of every other manufacturer who is producing more goods than previously.

In our business we have come to the appalling situation wherein it costs nearly twice as much to pay for the man power involved in selling the goods as it does to pay for producing them. If every one of our factory employees would work for nothing, so that our pay roll for productive labor would be absolutely zero, the saving would not be enough to get us into the dividend-paying class. Why? Just because it costs too much to sell goods. And manufacturers in other lines tell the same story.

How does this relate to the problem of leisure? As I see it, we have reached a point in our ability to produce where only a part of our population is required to produce all that the rest of the people will purchase. The words "will purchase" are used advisedly, for certainly we purchase more than we need.

For example, I have several pairs of shoes where two pairs would suffice; two overcoats; five suits of clothes; two suits of overalls. I have a big car, yet I really do not need any. Magazines and books come into the house faster than

they can be looked at, and I have too much food, as my waistline will testify.

To me it is perfectly clear that the middle-class American buys more than he needs. But if he cut his purchases to his actual requirements, the competition in the commercial world would be correspondingly increased.

Unless we have greater outlets for our goods, certainly it will become more and more apparent that, as our manufacturing efficiency increases, there will be a larger group with too much leisure. If anyone doubts that this is happening, let him spend a few weeks in the employment department of a manufacturing establishment.

Who are those who, in average times, remain unemployed? Some are misfits: among the men some are hopeless "dubs," some are trouble makers, some are dissipated, but many are simply unfortunate or too old. Among the women some are stupid, some are so fat that obviously their weight is too much for small feet, some are obviously vicious gossips, some are amateur prostitutes seeking an enlarged clientele, but the bulk are unfortunates whose trouble is not so apparent.

One man told me he had been looking for work for seven months, and once a veritable female scarecrow said to me, "Well, I dee-clare. It was easier for me to get a man to marry me than it is to get a job."

What is the future of those possessed of too much leisure?

We have had three shutdowns in my experience. I have watched with concern these good folk we have laid off, to see how they survive, for I have always felt a moral responsibility for the man who has cast his lot with us. Those who get along best are those who own or rent small tracts of land, have good gardens, perhaps keep a cow or a pig. Those who do not "get by" are more of the city type, who must buy everything they consume. The grocer carries them a few weeks, finally

cuts off their credit, and they drift away, seldom to return. Of course, the grocer loses his money.

Without the intervention of outside forces, such as enlarged foreign demand, wars, or wholesale destruction of producers, I foresee the gradual development of two sorts of what might be called peasantry. The first group, which might be called an industrial peasantry, would be composed of those who work in industry when possible, but take their living off very small tracts of land. They are self-sufficient and independent. They produce for their own needs and sell only a part of their labor.

The second group, which I shall term the true peasants, are those who cannot exist in town and are incapable of handling farms. In Europe they are usually peasants or retainers, working for five or ten dollars a month and a place to live. A distinguished European told me last month that what surprised him in this country was the talk of getting ahead, whereas in his native land fully half the population were satisfied if they had shelter and enough to eat. Forces now at work seem tending to push America toward that situation.

If such a situation arrives, it will take place in the following order: One by one the weaker members of our industrial units will be forced out of existence, and those previously engaged in it will seek employment elsewhere. The saturation point will be found first in the discarded individual and the empty factory. A larger proportion of the people will become more and more self-sufficient by reversion to a less specialized form of life. Those who cannot adapt themselves will attach themselves as retainers or peasants, as they do in Europe today, to large landowners and live on next to nothing, or they will be public dependents.

As I said in the beginning, I hope that I am wrong. For once in my life I should like to be shown that I am absolutely and hopelessly in error.



The Center of the Earth

Condensed from The Forum (September, '28)

John Hodgdon Bradley, Jr.

THE subterranean has always whetted the imagination of men. Mediterranean philosophers were among the first to conceive of the bowels of the earth as burning with an eternal fire. And for a geographical reason. The Mediterranean basin is a weak zone in the crust of the earth, where rocks crack and volcanoes belch smoke and lava. Many early thinkers linked earthquakes and volcanoes with an abyss of unthinkable hotness, a fit place for banished souls. A sunburned philosopher near erupting Etna did not have to stretch his fancy to imagine hell.

Aristotle conceived a hollow earth filled with the fires of exploding air. Lucretius saw the interior as a dark replica of the surface, with rivers of ink, gorges, cliffs, and a snarling wind that struck fire from the rocks. Seneca thought volcanoes were born in the escape of captive winds igniting coal and sulphur as they whistled through the rocks.

The modern geologist has not found "easy the descent to Avernus." After groping in the dark for several decades, he only now begins to see light. A germ on an egg shell cannot know the inner workings of eggs. Man is a germ on the shell of the earth.

In the 18th century the illustrious French mathematician, Laplace, destroyed the ancient conceptions by thinking of the earth as a molten sphere with a thin crust. Some scientists accept this postulate in a modified form today. Many others have come to think of the earth as essentially solid to the core.

Men have bored holes in the crust of the earth, mere pin pricks in comparison with the radius of the planet, but deep enough to reveal a story. Every hole

grows warmer toward the bottom on the average of one degree Fahrenheit in 60 feet. Nobody knows that this rate continues below the deepest boring—one mile and a half under the surface. Volcanoes hotly argue that it does. If the rate persists, temperatures at a relatively shallow depth are hot enough to melt any substance known to science. Granted this increase in temperature and the absence of modifying conditions, the rocks of the crust must grade into a hot incandescent liquid.

Some thinkers believe in the existence of a liquid substratum engirdling the earth rind within 50 miles of the surface. Striking facts support this concept. The continents are largely composed of light rock like granite. The ocean beds and their volcanic islands are made of somewhat heavier rock called basalt. The greatest lava flow of geological history brought underworld basalt through fissures to the surface. Such facts suggest that both oceans and continents rest upon a universal layer of basalt. The continents stand high because they are made of lighter materials, separated by gravity in the original distribution of things. They float like icebergs in a sea of basalt.

An earth with such a foundation might easily be weak. That it *is* weak the geologist has found abundant evidence. He has seen how blocks of her crust have foundered along mighty rifts. The Red Sea now occupies such a depression. Standing in Glacier National Park one sees stupendous beauty and serenity. Yet those mountains were once mud on the bottom of an inland sea. They were later hardened, uplifted, sculptured by water and ice, and thrust westward

seven miles or more into their present position. The poorly healed scar is clear to those who can see. The earth has suffered.

Despite the weakness of the crust, the body of the earth is strong, so strong that many scientists cannot accept the belief in a liquid substratum. Experiment has proved that most rocks cannot be changed from solid to liquid unless an increase in volume is permitted. If pressure is great enough to prevent expansion, a rock remains solid in spite of its temperature.

Some believe in a substratum that alternates rhythmically from liquid to solid, under the control of the furnaces of the underworld—radio-active minerals. Thorium and uranium, the heaviest elements in nature, are stirred constantly by a slow turmoil of atoms which changes them from one form to another till finally they assume the properties of lead. During the decay, rays are shot out and heat is generated. These elements are unaffected by heat and pressure; in fact they stand alone in all nature, independent of outside influences. Widely scattered through the rocks, they constitute an almost everlasting source of heat. Our modern hell is paved, not with good intentions, but with radio-active minerals.

Lord Kelvin was half a century in advance of his colleagues when he contended that a fluid earth could not spin on its axis. He demonstrated with eggs. A boiled egg, rigid to the core, could be made to spin with ease, but a raw egg with its liquid interior refused to spin.

Kelvin further pointed out that if the earth were liquid, tides generated by sun and moon would operate in the body of the planet just as they do in the oceans. The crust of the earth would suffer upheavals and depressions with the revolution of sun and moon. The earth is not the toy of the tides. But Michelson and Gale in one of the most brilliant experiments in modern science, using 500 feet of pipe entrenched in the earth and filled with water, have recently proved the existence of feeble tides in the crust of the earth. The earth yields a little—

but only a little—to the pull of sun and moon. These tides were found to be scarcely more than three-tenths of what they would be if the earth were liquid.

The earth is no fairy sylph. She tips the scales with a weight more than five times that of water. Since her rocky epidermis is not quite three times as heavy as water, her vitals must be several times heavier. The difference in the weight of the inner and outer parts can be explained by the fact that all known substances can be compressed—made heavier. The inner core is thought to be at least as heavy as iron.

Pressure clearly rules the center of the earth. When the crust cracks and pressure is locally released, underworld materials rush to the surface as lava. Ordinarily they are held rigidly to their place below. Paraffin, when slightly heated under pressure of an atmosphere, flows easily; but under 30,000 atmospheres, it can punch holes in steel. Earth materials are thus compressed and stiffened. There are no waste spaces in modern hell.

The earth is old, and quakes constantly. Volcanic explosions sometimes suddenly shift the position of rocks. A local earthquake results. Great quakes are due to major collapse in the architecture of a crust that is overstrained. The elastic strength of the interior prevents breakdown until stresses have accumulated to the last straw. The back of the earth then breaks, masses of surface rocks slip along great rifts, elastic waves are shot in all directions from the point of origin. They travel curved paths through the body of the earth, vibrating as they go, both in the direction of their route and transverse to it.

Earthquake speedometers, called seismographs, measure the speed at which the shock is spread. This speed increases as the tremor penetrates the interior, proving that elasticity and rigidity increase with depth. Transverse vibrations cannot pass through anything but a rigid substance. A bell of putty would not ring. The earth is like a bell of steel.

The Nature of Humor

Condensed from *The Century* (September, '28)

John C. Almack

THE physical expression of humor, called laughter, is a very complex form of behavior. The mouth widens, the face wrinkles up, the eyes sparkle, the chest is expanded and contracted more rapidly, the heartbeat and breathing are accelerated, and a warm pleasant feeling suffuses the whole body. This pleasant feeling comes because we laugh, just as we feel angry because we clench our fists and strike, or feel fear because we run away. It is literally true that one whose facial muscles are paralyzed cannot "see" a joke.

Several authorities maintain that certain things are funny under any and all conditions. Bergson says that a red nose and a negro are both intrinsically funny. Crothers declares that we always laugh at the hen, the mother-in-law, the wheelbarrow, the mule and the President of the United States. Cobb maintains that the funniest object of all is "just a plain fat man," and adds a list of other intrinsically funny things: fried eggs, cheese, onions, lemons, squash, string-beans, ham, fish-balls, soup, hash, and custard pie.

To understand better the subjects and foundation of humor, an analysis was recently made of some 9000 jokes taken from the avowed humor of the past six years. Two thousand were from college comics; 500 were humorous drawings. The remaining 6500 jokes were magazine humor.

The study fails to substantiate most of the views of what is funny. There were only four jokes about fat men, two about mothers-in-law, three about umbrellas, two about old maids, and none at all about cheese, red noses, seasickness, and custard pie. If these things

are intrinsically funny, they are not so funny as preachers, taxes, prohibition, bobbed hair, cost of living, automobiles, prize-fighters, flappers, Chicago, Congress, and Bill Thompson.

A further sample of the data shows that:

The funniest subjects in order are prohibition, Germany, politics, women, and Congress.

The funniest cities are Chicago, Her-
rin, New York and Philadelphia.

The funniest men are Coolidge, Mus-
solini, Dawes and the Prince of Wales.

The funniest things are automobiles
(Fords), oil, coal, taxes and movies.

In the general list of funny objects and things appear cosmetics, silk stockings, laundries, chewing-gum, weather, cost of living, divorce, evolution and the tariff. Less than two percent of all the jokes about persons are about women. This contradicts the idea that "wit has trained its sharpest weapons upon women."

It is not sufficient to take humor at its face value; much that appears in the funny column could more appropriately be edged with black. Therefore, after the 9000 jokes were classified, a random sampling of 200 jokes was made and submitted to a small number of competent judges. The competence of these judges may be brought into question when it is stated that they found only 5 percent of the jokes very funny, 45 percent fairly funny, and 50 percent not funny at all.

Having had the 200 jokes evaluated, they were tried out on approximately 1000 individuals, including students, professors, and a group not in school.

Only one joke was found that no one

would laugh at. This was in a college comic, and it has a mysterious, cryptic something about it that makes one suspect that it has more in it than appears on the surface. Its author announces, however, that the joke is innocent of all subtlety. Any audience to whom the joke is told, at once becomes wary, reacting somewhat in the same way an untrained pointer "freezes" at a stone. As this is probably the only joke ever perpetrated that would not induce a laugh from some one, it should be given immortality. It follows:

Irate old gentleman (who has just fallen into a washtub): "Who's knocking?"

Street car conductor: "Nobody's knocking. This is the seventh of April!"

One of the judges ranked a given joke as virtually perfect "from the psychological point of view." Since it is a poor psychologist who cannot justify his own beliefs, the story is given herewith:

A traveler in the South passed by a farm where a colored man was plowing with a very large horse and a diminutive mule.

"Boy," said the traveler, "isn't the work pretty hard on that little mule?"

"Nossuh, nossuh, boss," answered the darky, "dis wuk don't hurt him none."

"But," persisted the traveler, "you don't mean to tell me that this little mule can do as much work as that big horse?"

"Nossuh, boss, he kain't do as much wuk, but I done fix dat. You see I's been givin' de mule de sho't end of de double-tree!"

The judge defends his position thus, "Incongruity and contrast are the chief sources of humor. In this story there is a contrast between the gigantic horse and the small mule. A second important factor is the absence of sympathy—the despised mule and not the noble horse is the butt of the joke. A third factor is the feeling of superiority. It is clear to the reader that the colored man defeats his own purpose, which was to give the mule a fair share of the load only.

Unless the reader is acquainted with an important principle of physics this fact would not be known. Thus he is released from the inhibitions of pity, inferiority and proportion. His own ego is vastly expanded by the suggestion of mule and negro. He feels more moral, more intelligent, and wholly master of the situation. Laughter is inevitable."

The story usually marked highest by adults was a favorite of William Jennings Bryan. "A man said to one of his friends, 'I am drinking too much. I know it, but I can't help it. My friends keep asking me to drink and the first thing I know I get too much.' His friend said, 'I will tell you how to prevent it. After this, when you get all the whisky you want, and anybody asks you to have more, don't call for it; call for sarsaparilla.' 'But,' the man answered, 'that's just the trouble. When I get all the whisky I want, I can't say sarsaparilla!'"

Four-fifths of current magazine humor (barring the puns) has a recognizable social motive. It is directed against narrowness, bigotry, incompetence, false pretense, egotism, extravagance and dishonesty. It strikes at inefficiency, graft, law-breaking, and arrogance of officialdom. It helps promote the arts, reform character, and solve political and social problems. The thief, the grafter, the gunman fear laughter more than they fear the shackles and the jail. The tyrant fights shy of the satirist; a Napoleon is always unfriendly to witty and humorous men.

One leaves the pages of humor with the conviction that jokes are growing away from the gross and suggestive; that they are making less of human frailties and more of human virtues; that they are becoming more kindly and more truthful. It becomes easy to agree with Miss Repplier that, "After all the humorist's point of view is, on the whole, the fairest from which the world can be judged. It sees things with uncompromising clearness, but it judges them with tolerance and good temper."

The School and the Very Young Child

Condensed from *The Outlook* (July 11, '28)

Bertrand Russell

THOSE who advocate schools for the very young have to obviate, to begin with, a misunderstanding which is likely to exist in the minds of parents. It is not from any criticism of parents that such a course is recommended; it is because there are certain important advantages to the child which can only be secured through association with other children in a group, advantages which the modern small family cannot provide. For a most important part of the education of a child is learning behavior toward his equals.

Careful surveys of the children of the well-to-do, both in America and in England, show that the great majority in the years from two to six will not take sufficient food without coaxing. Sleep, also, is often a difficulty, and so is evacuation. All this is due to the fact that the child gets more attention than is good for him. He is surrounded by anxious grown-ups who are always urging him to do what he ought to do spontaneously. The child soon learns to exploit the power which their anxiety gives him.

In a group, if a child has gone hungry without becoming the center of attention two or three times, he acquires a natural appetite and begins to eat with zest. The same thing applies to sleep and evacuation, in regard to both of which, also, the factor of group suggestion is very important. A child who is unduly selfish soon becomes unpopular; so does a child who is cruel. Unpopularity has all kinds of very obvious disadvantages, so that the child learns social behavior to his equals.

Intelligence depends upon two factors, interest and fearlessness. Mental fear-

lessness is, as a rule, carefully extirpated in the young. It is customary to make every attempt to prevent them thinking, at least openly, about the matters which naturally interest them, so that their thinking becomes first furtive and then unconscious. I believe that half the stupidity of the human race is due to this process. If you wish to produce human beings who are to be fearless and intelligent, you must never, under no matter what provocation, allow yourself to say, "Hush, hush," or to be shocked by the thoughts to which they give expression. If you are shocked by the ideas of a child, that does not prove that the child is shocking, but only that you are ignorant of psychology. Children take a spontaneous and perfectly harmless interest in all matters which prudish adults consider improper. The right way to deal with this interest is to give it scientific satisfaction, in which case it becomes wholesomely absorbed into the general pursuit of knowledge. There are two wrong ways of dealing with it: one, the usual way of suppression, which leads, as is now known, to a number of nervous disorders, some grave, some less serious. The other way, almost equally harmful, looks to the adult almost like the proper method, but is in fact very different. This wrong way is to talk to children about matters considered indecent while deriving one's self a certain indecent pleasure from doing so. Only those who are pure in heart can behave rightly in this matter, and the pure in heart are those who are neither shocked nor pleased by the absence of conventional reticence. The fundamental principle to be borne in mind is that all knowledge is good, and that a virtue

based upon ignorance is both precarious and unreal.

One of the most important and difficult things in school education is the elimination of cruelty. Thrown together in a group, the first effect of freedom is the furious indignation of some children against others for not treating them with the same consideration to which they have been accustomed by affectionate parents. Consequently, there is at first a great deal of fighting and quarreling. The weaker children run to the grown-ups for protection, while the stronger stand over them in insolent triumph. If in our school we were to adopt the attitude of complete indifference which some educational reformers recommend, the result would be very hard upon the smaller or less pugnacious children. Yet the way to prevent bullying is not quite so obvious as the old-fashioned disciplinarian might suppose. We do not desire that absence of bullying should depend at each moment upon adult supervision. What we desire is that the impulse to it should cease. The way to do this is to create a sense of happiness and free activity. When a bigger child tyrannizes over a small one, it is partly by way of revenge for the tyranny which adults exercise on him.

When a child does something which must be stopped, such, for example, as throwing a knife at another child or putting pepper in a smaller child's eyes, do not express moral indignation or make the child feel that he is a pariah. Never appeal to what is called a child's better nature. This at best produces in him hypocrisy combined with a desire for escape. Express, if you feel it, a breezy and spontaneous anger, and inflict upon the child, if you will, some quite immediate and obvious punishment of a not too severe kind. Let the child know that you are going to prevent such behavior, but do not let him feel that you are horrified at it, and take care to find out what it is in his psychology that leads to outbursts of rage and cruelty, so that you may supply for his vital energy some more harmless outlet.

A child who throws a knife at another may be as well satisfied by shooting an arrow at a target; he will not be satisfied by a mere injunction to sit still and be good.

Persons who are to deal with children should get their ideas from machines rather than from animals. It is useless to point a finger of scorn at an automobile which will not go; the only thing to do is to find what is wrong. Unfortunately, children can be to a certain extent controlled by the easier method of terror. The drawback of this method is that either they must remain cowards all their lives or else as they get older they must lose the only motive for virtue that has ever been put before them.

Another thing: never let children think that they can annoy you, for this gives a gratification to their love of power which is of a thoroughly undesirable kind. Exercise as little authority as you can, but when you exercise it, do so calmly and inexorably. Do not use moral precepts; children seldom understand them. Take such a matter as playing with fire: to a grown-up person it seems obviously undesirable that the house should burn down, but to a child this is by no means obvious. He thinks it would be a glorious blaze, and having to go elsewhere would be fun. Therefore if you appeal to him rationally and say, "Do not drop matches in the waste-paper basket, because you may cause the house to burn down," you waste your breath. Nor is it desirable, except with very young children, to keep matches out of their way, for sooner or later they are sure to come across them with a desire stimulated by prohibition. The only safe way is to allow the activity, but under controlled conditions. Let them make bonfires outdoors, and become interested in the kind of skill required for the purpose.

And then the educator has always to create the right environment—not the physical environment, but the environment of adults with the right dispositions and interests, and above all, the right kind of affection for children. For without this no degree of science is of any avail.

My Debt to Prince

Condensed from The American Magazine (September, '28)

Archibald Rutledge

PRINCE Alston is the son of Martha, for 40 years our plantation cook, and of Will, our wood bringer. As boys he and I were inseparable companions in a thousand plantation escapades: we were pursued by the same infuriated bull; nearly drowned in the same pond when our canoe upset; and on that occasion when we knotted together the tails of two semi-wild boars that were feeding at a trough, with their backs close to a convenient hole in the fence, we were scolded as one by my father.

Young as I was, even in those first years of my association with Prince I recognized in him a decided superiority in certain matters. A plantation negro is as close to nature, I suppose, as any man in the world; and close in an intimate, authentic sense. He has with marvelous accuracy what we slangily call the "low-down" on all the creatures of nature. He could take me to the spot in the field of broom-sedge where a little fawn lay; he found the den of a huge bull alligator on a lonely island.

When the time came for me to go away to school and college, he remained in his old free life. His prospect looked to me as halcyon as mine was foreboding. It was years before we were able to renew our companionship. When opportunity was once more afforded us to be together, we were both grown. Whatever, in a deeper sense, my growth had been, I do not think that essentially it was very far in advance of his; and certainly in physical development he had immeasurably surpassed me.

Whence got he those mighty shoulders? Whence came that rugged forearm, that splendid depth of chest?

While I had been delicately pursuing French verbs to their dim lairs, Prince had been felling forests, digging canals, driving mule teams, plowing in the hot sun, shouting and singing as he worked. Standing to the thighs in snake-haunted swamp water, all day long he had sawed huge cypress logs, he and his fellows joking as they toiled.

That Prince is a real psychological study I have, of late years, come deeply to appreciate. There is, for instance, his fascinating mastery of animals. No man who watches this negro with dogs or mules can be persuaded that magic is dead. On occasions that are literally countless I have shamelessly referred to him dogs that were of the most incorrigible sort. Immediately he would establish a definite relationship with them, partly by kindness, but chiefly by an occult and complete fathoming of the dog's mentality.

Watching Prince handle the biggest, stubbornest mules in the timber camp, I have come to believe that the secret of his mastery over them arises from his ability subtly to establish in them a definite conception of their inferiority. He then takes it for granted that they will work, his attitude being objective, hale, and natural. He talks to them also, as it were, in their own tongue, and to his raillery they respond with astonishing willingness. To handle mules should be accounted something of an artistic *tour de force*.

I remember the first time I ever saw Prince operate on a stubbornly planted mule. A farmer's mule, hitched to a loaded wagon, had balked in the middle of the village street, right between the post office and the general store, so that

the performance created a considerable stir. When we arrived very heroic measures had been used. The mule had been cruelly beaten; his harness had been taken off. Even a small fire had been built under him with no effect. There he stood violently rooted, with a certain exasperatingly virtuous expression on his countenance. Prince stepped forward with gentle assurance, and insinuated one arm around the stubborn neck. His touch was affectionate. Putting his mouth to the mule's left ear, he said something to the miserable statue. Instantly the creature's rigidity relaxed, and almost blithely the mule stepped from the position which for more than an hour he had sullenly maintained. I asked Prince what he had said to the mule, but he only laughed, for he does not take such feats seriously. But his magic words must have had the exact wave length of the dull creature's obscure and baffled soul.

For many years I had searched in vain for a specimen of the black fox squirrel, a variant in color of the gray. Mentioning it to Prince one day, I was surprised to have him say, "I show you one today." Together forthwith we went into the misty March woods.

Prince took me up a long watercourse where grow many tupelos, gums, and redbud maples. Ere we had gone half a mile we had seen gray fox squirrels. Each one was in a maple tree. At last my companion pointed to what I should have taken for a spray of dead Spanish moss. It hung almost drifting from among the ruby buds of a maple. It was a fox squirrel, black as ebony.

"How did you know it was here?" I asked.

"He been here las' summer," Prince answered, "and the year befo', when he was a baby. A fox squirrel this time of the year will come a mile or mo' to get the redbud."

Woodcraft of this kind Prince gathered when he was a worker of turpentine, going literally from tree to tree through the forest. Without being able to name a single star, he can guide himself by

them; and, lacking starlight, he retains an uncanny sense of direction even in the deepest woods at night. Well I remember the time he and I, taking an acetylene lamp, went to the forest to try to discover deer that we could "shine" with the light.

It was late October, and by the time we had left the plantation, night had come down starless and mysterious. Before we had gone a mile farther, our blazing light had disclosed for us five deer, airy shapes of the darkness. On we went, deeper and deeper into the forest. Suddenly on my arm the hand of my woodsman closed like a vise.

"Cap'n," his soft voice said, "step back this way."

I obeyed, knowing that he had detected something that I had not.

"I smell a rattlesnake," he said; "I think he is in them huckleberry bushes ahead. We must go around him."

Not far from there my light went out and I was unable to rekindle the flame. We were in abysmal darkness, and I was as lost as if an airplane had dropped me in the Brazilian wilderness.

"Do you know where we are, Prince?" I asked.

"Yes, sah, I know."

"How do you know which way to go?"

"My mind done tell me."

By "my mind" a negro does not mean his thinking capacity, nor yet his knowledge. He seems to mean prescience. At any rate, in a half-hour we were back in the familiar plantation road. Here indeed is a child of nature.

I owe to Prince what I hope is a fair understanding of life's deeper values. I hear him say, "When I take a man into my heart, I can't hate him no mo'." I find him in a freezing drizzle, far from home at dusk, making easy in the lonely wood the bed of an old cow that is sure to die that night, and I know that such a man's religion is a living thing. I hear him going through the ghostly woods at night, whooping melodiously, and I know that his spirit is wild and free and joyous. To get on into middle age retaining a free spirit is a thrilling accomplishment.

New Jobs for Old Metals

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (September, '28)

E. E. Free

A COUNTRY where eight-tenths of the workers were always looking for jobs would probably not be prosperous. Yet that is precisely the situation of the empire of chemistry to which the world already owes so much.

There are 90 known elements—workmen upon whom the chemist must depend for everything he does. Only 11 have found jobs really suited to their powers. The other 79 are still sitting around in the employment office, waiting for jobs, or else they are industrial misfits—not quite suited by character or ability to the work that industry has forced upon them.

Iron, useful as it is, is one of these misfits. Paint is its badge of failure. Many of its present jobs require it to stand out in the weather. This is something iron cannot endure. The rust bill of the world has been estimated at five billion dollars a year. It is rust and not use that wears out railway rails and ruins farm machinery. It is to resist rust that we pay an enormous paint bill. Iron would have only inside jobs if chemists could only persuade some other elemental workmen to take over its outside tasks.

This is the real business of the modern chemist. On his desk lie scientific reports like letters from job-seeking elements. On that same desk are other imploring letters from elements that are overworked, like tin, lead, and mercury; elements desperately in need of help if the work of the world is to be well done.

Precisely as ordinary employment agents try to fit their human job-hunters to their open jobs, so the chemist tries to

place each of his idle elements in some work that it can do well.

One element has sat idle since its discovery—for 139 years—as able to work as iron and perhaps as plentiful. This is titanium. Its idleness is not easy to understand. It is a tough, hard metal, reasonably workable and reasonably rustless. It can be used to make tools and implements. It might even support buildings, as iron now does. There are vast deposits of titanium in a dozen countries. It is true that there are no known alloys of it as useful as the alloy of iron we call steel. But iron, too, was hard to put to work when it was new. It needed centuries of effort by smiths and chemists to perfect the modern uses and varieties of steel.

Two elements whose history suggests the industrial "floater," getting job after job, only to lose them, are sulphur and iodine. Sulphur once was needed to make gunpowder; but smokeless powders were invented, giving that job to the element nitrogen. Then the doctors hired sulphur to do odd jobs of cleaning up the germs after epidemics; but improved fumigating materials came along and sulphur lost another job. Meanwhile a new process of extracting sulphur cheaply from deposits was perfected and the world's supply, previously obtained chiefly from volcanoes, was increased until now there is more than anybody can use. At the present there is promise of employment in fertilizers, but sulphur is still looking for a full-time job.

From one of its best jobs iodine was fired only recently. A few years ago tincture of iodine was the badge of carefulness on every cut finger. Now new chemical workers do this job more effec-

tively, and iodine exists in quantities enormously greater than can now be used. It is a by-product in the manufacture of Chile saltpeter.

Like too many human workers whose faults prevent them from holding good jobs, there is a chemical element so violent and temperamental that few care to have it around. This is fluorine, which bites everything that comes near it. One of its compounds is that eroding ink used to write on glass. Another compound is used to etch the inside of frosted electric lamp globes, for fluorine dissolves glass and comes about as close as anything known to being that long-sought "universal solvent." But most of the time fluorine sits about in wax bottles, without a job.

One of the most romantic stories of job hunts by the elements is that of boron, the element of household borax. Borax was the first chemical ever used in industry, for it was at least 6000 years ago that it was gathered in the deserts of Central Asia and brought on yaks and camels to the civilized towns of Babylonia, one of which was to become twenty centuries later that famous Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham was born. Here the king's goldsmiths used borax to purify and weld the metal of those beautiful crowns and headdresses and necklaces dug up from the ruins of Ur. Without boron those marvelous examples of the world's first jewelry might never have been made.

For many centuries boron held that job, but in time the goldsmiths found better helpers, and boron turned to purifying copper and welding iron. These jobs, too, proved temporary, and boron's next try was with the canners of food and the preservers of meat, where boric acid was much used to prevent decay. Sanitary officers finally chased boron out of this job, and new work was found in making soap and cosmetics such as borated talcum powder. Some of these jobs boron still fills successfully. Within the last few years boron has found two other big jobs—helping to make the smooth white enamel of modern bathtubs and other

plumbing fixtures and making glassware which will stand cooking heat.

Among the elements that are overworked instead of underworked the chemical employment agent gets his loudest howls from tin. Tin cans represent, perhaps, the greatest invention ever made by man, for they enable us to carry over a food supply from one season to another. The tin on a can is only a paper-thin layer on both sides of a sheet of iron, but so many cans are used that the known deposits of tin ores are almost exhausted. There are very few chemical problems crying so urgently for attention as that of finding a helper for tin.

A few years ago platinum was a standby of the chemical industry because it will stand high heat and resist acids. About the time of the war platinum got a new job in making jewelry. This paid better and platinum walked out of the chemical industry completely, which is why chemists still get mad whenever platinum jewelry is mentioned.

The chemists' employment offices have had their successes, too. Only a few years ago aluminum and tungsten were sitting around with nothing to do. Now aluminum is the basis of one of the greatest industries of the world with a thousand jobs, ranging from construction of great airships like the *Los Angeles* to the making of tubes for tooth paste. Tungsten, as everybody knows, is responsible for the modern electric lamp. More recently the element chlorine gas, used as a war weapon, was put to work bleaching most of the paper and much of the white cloth that is made in the world.

There are still many jobs to be filled. A metal better than copper to conduct electricity is needed. Conversely, something that will resist electricity better than glass or rubber. Metals or substances that will slip past each other without friction would give us machine bearings able to run without oil. Every one of these jobs is believed possible to fill. The only trick is to find just the chemical workmen to suit. Whoever has the skill to do it, will benefit the world and make himself and others rich.

I Was an Interviewer

Condensed from *The New Republic* (August 22, '28)

Bartlett Cormack

WHEN I began reporting in Chicago, early in 1917, the function and form of the interview was fixed. It reported the views of public officials on public matters; views of visiting celebrities on what they obligingly, and infirmly, conceived to be public matters. Cubs handled it. The veterans could not be spared from the important stories. And the cubs, their enthusiasm for the gaudy colors of "the game" thwarted by the necessity for doing tepid interviews, resented not being permitted at least to help cover some adulterous double killing on the South Side. They got the interviews and wrote them in a cut-and-dried way. I got and wrote scores of the inane things, mechanically punching out, "'American agriculture today leads the world,' the Secretary said."

Then the United States joined the War; and, like everything else about journalism, the interview flew off its handle, and began the debauch that eventually turned it into the loose creature it is now. Two things were directly responsible for the change: its stays were removed by editors who suddenly realized the possibilities of the new freedom; and it was reclothed in flaming colors by reporters of imagination, who luxuriated in stories with a "kick." Indirectly, of course, the public itself was responsible for the change. For when the War suddenly became an enchantingly personal thing, everyone's nose was a-quiver to be stuck into everyone else's attitude toward, and connection with, the War.

To satisfy this craving was the newspaper's job. The problem was to give the record the air of refined authenticity.

Now, what newspapers, at any rate, believe insures a story's acceptance as authentic, and gives it the venerated "personal touch," are names, addresses, and quotes. Ergo the interview!

The "diabolism" of the press, so freely attacked and so often misunderstood, lies in its conception and treatment of news as news, not as truth (with which news has nothing to do); its stories are concocted to excite the attention and interest of readers; and its motive is to secure an ever larger circulation and, through this, ever more advertising. Interviews, to a much greater extent than news generally, are perverted, misstated, misrepresented, and, oftener than even their critics realize, fabricated entire.

In six years on my paper I wrote hundreds of interviews, with public officials, celebrities, returned heroes of the War, and frightened little persons who, through circumstances quite unintelligible to them, had suddenly become news. It was splendid training in facile ingenuity, for I immediately learned that, if I were to turn out the dressed beef required, I had to provide it myself. The actual interviews were rarely more than a hurried exchange of commonplaces. The job resolved itself into using something the subject had said for a springboard and diving into the real interview on the way back to the office. Thus a newly elected Food Commissioner would mention sauerkraut as one of several inexpensive foods that might be popularized, adding, perhaps, that the distrust of sauerkraut as a *bourgeois* dish was not well founded, inasmuch as he knew a society woman who used it. A moment of meditation by the reporter would produce an interview with a headline, GOLD COAST

EATS SAUERKRAUT AS WAR MEASURE, FOOD CHIEF SAYS, and a sub-head, CHICAGO SOCIETY BEAUTY'S FAMOUS COMPLEXION RESULT OF KRAUT DIET. And if the reporter were a good reporter, there would be another headline, "UN-PATRIOTIC" CHARGED. That last, if properly "played" would shout from the front page, symposium fashion, for days.

Early in my interviewing career I was—well, criticized, for being scooped imaginatively on an interview. I protested that the opposition story had been faked. "Sure," my editor said. "But didn't God give *you* any imagination? What d'you think we're getting out here, an almanac?" Thereafter, I did use the imagination God gave me, and wrote interviews properly, as if they were vaudeville acts.

Interviews with persons from whom the public expects certain sentiments are the easiest of all to write. But interviewing persons whose sentiments are opposed to those expected from them is a tough job. Interviewing returned heroes of the War was extremely tough. For three months after the War ended, I covered returning troops, and while the personal "I" gaped and, youthfully, thrilled at the heresies uttered, the reportorial "I" was in despair at their refusal to talk as the public expected. The heroes, mostly sourly, and if nagged, obscenely, refused to emit romantic sentiments about the War, their experiences, or themselves. They unanimously snickered at the Y. M. C. A. They observed with distressing sincerity that they'd like to see the ———— who'd get them into another war. They declared that the Huns were highly efficient fighters who "took it standing up," or scared kids who "should've been home with Mamma." As far as they knew, "atrocities" were "a lot o' bunk cooked up by the flatfeets at home who put prohibition over on us." And as for *la belle France*—well, the French "broads" were fair enough. But, by and large, it was no wonder this Lafayette left home. Yet as heroes, "the

boys" had to gush in the newspapers; and so they did, the "interviews" mostly being fabricated entire. I protested to my city desk, as did every other reporter covering troops, that the actual stories and opinions would make far more interesting, more shocking reading than the gaudy stuff we had to turn out. But our editors dismissed what we told them as prejudice or, accepting it as fact, wearily observed that they did not care "to get mobbed."

The intelligent persons from whom we sought interviews, and who were interested in publicity or in having the paper friendly toward them, often met us with, "You fix up something, and I'll stand for it." Thus I quoted bank presidents, lawyers, actresses, politicians, explorers, scientists, and ministers on subjects from birth control and bobbed hair to crime waves and the Einstein theory, subjects about which neither the person interviewed nor myself knew anything whatever. The efforts the really intelligent sometimes made to talk—scientists discussing scientific developments, for instance—usually failed. They could not make the matter comprehensible. I often left such specialists and interviewed the encyclopedia instead, hooking a few simple facts around which to write the interview.

On controversial matters of public interest (anything from Roman Catholicism to the perpetually idyllic climate of California), or to ballyhoo a personal interest of the paper itself, symposia are invoked. There is in every local room a "sucker list," a directory of lay promicients of all classes and activities who can be counted upon to give interviews on anything from either side of the fence.

Interviews still fill the newspapers. But the really exciting variety that followed the War has writhed on into the tabloids and magazines. Press agents for politicians, actors, authors, scientists, packing houses, churches, department stores, and apparently every other person and activity, do the bulk of one's interviewing now; and the "sucker list" has become a directory of all the press agents in town.

Ethics in a Business Suit

Excerpts from The Golden Book Magazine (March—September, '28)

The incidents below, sent in by readers, each illustrate some point of actual "working ethics" in America today—a point which, in most cases, would be decided differently by different people. The facts are as they happened in real life.

Law and Common Sense.

In a small mid-western town A sued B for \$10. It was purely a grudge-suit; the money did not make one whit of difference. A and B were old enemies; and A, who had recently been worsted in a contest of wits between the two, started the suit to bother B. B hired a young lawyer to defend him. The lawyer looked over the situation, and demanded a \$25 fee. This he received.

The day before the trial, he went to A and said, "Now, Mr. A, here's the ten. Probably the less you say about it, the better."

The lawyer pocketed the \$15 remaining from the transaction.

B never knew why A dropped the suit the day before it was due to come on the docket.

Ethical or unethical?

A Man with an Ideal.

In 1905 Mr. Robert H. Donnelly, then a stockbroker in New York, failed, together with his associates, for \$300,000. The receiver for the bankrupt firm settled with the creditors for 27 cents on the dollar. The law was satisfied, and there was no doubt about Mr. Donnelly's business honesty.

Later, Mr. Donnelly inherited his father's printing business in Chicago, expanded it, and waxed exceedingly prosperous. He began a search for his creditors. Some were dead, most had

moved, but he sought out heirs and discovered new addresses until he had them all. On next New Year's Day he mailed checks aggregating \$645,000. His creditors of 22 years ago were paid in full, principal and interest, on debts that had no legal standing.

We suggest to the official attention-caller of the trans-stygian regions that he show this item to Diogenes. It should cheer him up.

Had the Insurance Lapsed?

A lady insured a painting against fire for \$2000, the full purchase price. One day the picture fell; the wire had been inspected, but not the screw-eyes; these had pulled out, and the result was a complete wreck. The glass of the protective frame had pierced and shredded the canvas beyond repair. The lady hurried off to a dinner engagement, telling no one of the accident. During her absence the cottage burned to the ground. She accepted the insurance, figuring that the painting would have been destroyed anyhow.

That Troublesome Expense Account.

A reporter dispatched to the scene of a hurricane disaster was given his expenses in advance. With the \$200 in his pocket he was rushing to the railway station when a friend met him. The friend's father-in-law, a millionaire sportsman, was flying his own plane, carrying a physician, to the scene of the disaster. He was to take off in 20 minutes, and a place was made for the reporter.

When he reached the scene of the story he had saved his paper 24 hours and \$75. While he had no doubt to whom the former belonged, the money seemed to be his by a very special "break." Nevertheless, after turning

the matter over in his mind, he refunded the money to his chief, even against what he felt to be his better sense.

A "Cold Business Proposition."

A Virginia woman ordered a large consignment of baby chicks, which the company guaranteed to deliver alive and in good health. To make the venture doubly safe, she insured them for more than they were worth.

Through some delay in transit, the chicks arrived dead and dying. She reported it to the hatchery, who sent another shipment of chicks. In the meanwhile she had sent in her claim for insurance, which was promptly paid.

Her husband declared it was a question of business ethics, and that she should refuse the check from the insurance company. The neighbors said it was sheer robbery. But she claimed that it was a cold business proposition, and kept both chicks and the check.

Would you have returned the check?

It takes Brains as Well as Feelings to Do a Really Fine Thing.

A minister in charge of four churches received only about half what was due him from one of these churches—on account of its weakness. He thought he would do the fine thing by this little church, so he told the people there that he would make them a present of the remainder of his salary and report their church as fully paid up in the denominational year-book.

This he did. The pastor who followed him the succeeding year, having seen from the year-book that the salary of the circuit had been fully paid the previous year, expected to receive the full amount of his salary from the circuit. After some time, however, he found out what had actually happened the year before, and learned that the church could be expected to pay him very little of what was due him.

Did the first pastor really do a fine thing?

When the Other Fellow Makes a Mistake.

A little over seven years ago, two brothers, then students, jointly ordered from the publishers one set of well-known books, consisting of 50 volumes. Three weeks later they received a second set of the books. They immediately notified the publishers, explaining that they had ordered only one set. The publishers acknowledged the error, saying that they would send someone to call for the second set. This they failed to do, in spite of repeated requests.

Seven years passed. The brothers established separate homes, and each took one set of books.

A few months ago, the publishers sent a notice reciting the facts, and demanding payment for the second set of books. The brothers consulted me for advice, and I told them that the statutory limitation of time for actions at law based on contracts is six years.

The question, one of ethics rather than law, now arises: given the circumstances, should the brothers pay for the books, which have been found to be very satisfactory?

"Passing the Buck."

A woman stopping at the finest hotel in X—becomes ill and calls a physician. After three days she recovers, and when asked how she wishes to make settlement, tells the physician she will pay his fee when she settles her hotel bill.

The physician repeats the conversation to the hotel manager and asks for his money in advance. He is given his fee by the hotel.

The next day the woman leaves without settling her account.

Is the hotel justified in asking the physician to return his fee to the hotel? Is the physician morally obliged to make the refund?



Why Men Go to Sing Sing

Condensed from The World's Work (September, '28)

Lewis E. Lawes

BENEATH a high bluff, 30 miles up the east bank of the Hudson River from New York City, where the Sinck Sinck Indians built their signal fires three hundred years ago, there stands a long box-like building of rough gray stone—Sing Sing's cell block. Here in cubby holes of cold stone, locked away from the free world, more than 60,000 men have paid the penalties exacted of them for their transgression of the laws.

What manner of men were these prisoners? What were their crimes? These questions are answered in part by the prison records, which are fairly complete as such records go, for the 55,000 men received since 1849.

The first point of general interest concerns the number of men committed to prison in former years as compared with later periods. Calculating on the basis of the number of men committed for each 100,000 of the total population of the Sing Sing district at each period, these are the figures:

1850	1860	1870	1880	1890	1900	1910	1920	1927
28	26	28	28	28	19	19	17	16

Actually, then, crime in so far as felonies are concerned has decreased rather than increased.

It is quite common for a visitor who has made a brief and casual inspection of Sing Sing to remark that most of the prisoners are Italians and to conclude that through them the crime problem should be attacked. This tendency to "jump at conclusions" has been at the bottom of much of the befuddling of the criminal problem. A comparison of the percentage of foreign born and native born prisoners shows that foreigners are not, on the whole, more

criminal than natives. Crime is not, in the light of Sing Sing records, the peculiar heritage of the foreign born or native born, of white or black, of gentile or Jew.

Crime is of two main classes: *first*, predatory—against property, and *second*, violence—against person. Crimes against property include larceny, forgery, and burglary. Crimes against person include assault, homicide, and sexual.

Statistics show that 65 percent of those criminals committed for robbery were Italian, English, or Irish stocks, the proportion being in that order; 62 percent of those committed for larceny were of Jewish, English, or German stocks; 75 percent of those committed for assault and 74 percent for homicide were of Negro, Italian, or Irish stocks. These figures would appear at first glance to justify the popular idea that there is "something in the blood" of the several "stocks" that determines the character of their criminality.

If this were true, the American born and foreign born of the same stock would of course commit the different types of crime at the same rate. This is not the case. Robbery is without exception higher for the American born, than for the foreign born of the same stock; and just the opposite is true for assault and homicide. It is quite true that certain types of crime stand out in relation to certain stocks—such as larceny for Jewish and assault for Irish—but environment tends to bring the American born over to the typical crime norm of New York City.

The average age of the prisoners has not varied greatly at any time in the

last hundred years, and is now about 29 years of age, just what it was in 1850. Robbery is the outstanding crime of the 17-21 group, but this age is notably low for larceny and forgery. Sexual crimes are highest for the oldest group, and especially for those above 45 years of age.

Intelligence tests given by psychologists have shown that Sing Sing prisoners as a group have a slightly higher rating than the "draft army" of the United States during the late war. Men committed for forgery, larceny, and robbery ranked in the order named, a few being of superior intelligence and 78, 68, and 65 percent, respectively, being classed as normal. Approximately 55 percent of those committed for burglary, 61 percent for homicide, 64 percent for assault, and 72 percent for sexual crimes have been of inferior intelligence.

During the past century, Sing Sing has had among its prisoners men from every walk of life, scions of European nobility, high public officials from blue-blooded American families, lawyers, doctors, preachers, bankers, etc. But nearly 99 percent of its prisoners have come from poor homes and common occupations.

It is of interest to note that the value actually obtained in the average robbery during 1927, was only \$30.75, or less than the average weekly wage of those committed for this crime. The average for larceny was \$230.10; for burglary, \$43.22. The sentences imposed for these offenses average one year for every \$29.75 obtained. Truly, crime does not pay! Sensational reports of large "hauls" are always greatly exaggerated.

If we combine the outstanding features of our statistics, we have the following types, or "practical pictures" for each type of crime:

Robbery: White; born in New York City; Italian or English stock; from 17 to 21 years of age; common school education; normal mentally and physically.

Larceny: White; born in New York City; Jewish or English stock; from 32 to 36 years of age; graduate of common school with some high school training; normal mentally and physically.

Forgery: White; born in New York City of Jewish stock or born in the United States of German or English stock; from 32 to 36 years of age; high school or college training; superior mentally and normal physically.

Burglary: Negro born in the United States, foreign born of Jewish stock, or born in the United States of Irish stock; from 22 to 26 years of age; intermediate grade education; dull mentally and below par physically.

Assault: Negro born in the United States, foreign born Italian, or American born of Irish stock; from 22 to 26 years of age; comparatively illiterate; dull or psychopathic mentally and superior physically.

Homicide: White; foreign born Italian, American born Negro, or American born of Irish stock; from 27 to 31 years of age; comparatively illiterate; unstable and paranoiac mentally, normal physically.

Sexual: White; rural born in the United States of German stock, foreign born Russian-Polish or Italian; median age 45 years; comparatively illiterate; mentally deficient and physically inferior.

From these "practical pictures," statistically established by the prison records, it will be seen that the really vital facts to be considered in connection with the criminal are not physical characteristics such as "low brows, large ears," etc., but practical factors of environment.

Circumstances can, and do, play a much larger part in our lives than most of us care to admit. It flatters us to think that we are the masters of our fate. But are we truly? I believe John Wesley had this thought in mind when, seeing a man led to the gallows, he said: "There except for the grace of God goes John Wesley."

American Women and Religion

Condensed from The Forum (September, '28)

A. Maude Royden

THE American woman's idea of religion is summed up in the word "service." It begins—it almost ends—there. In this is its strength and its weakness. To women everywhere the idea of service makes an instant appeal. To American women it is irresistible. Their religion is to make the kingdom of heaven come on earth.

Such a religion is lively, militant, and intensely practical. The women of America are largely responsible for Prohibition and for a multitude of practical attempts to make the kingdom of heaven come quickly. They did not first attack the evil surroundings which so often lead to drinking; they simply, at one stroke, sought to remove the drink. Whether the good or the bad of this attempt will in the end prevail America must judge for herself, while the Englishwoman, conscious of the appalling nature of the drink evil in her own country, watches with painfully intense interest. What concerns me here is the *method* of the attack on this great evil—direct, uncompromising, external—and the fact that the driving force of it comes from American women, and is their most remarkable use of power.

It is inevitable that the American woman, with her unique independence and education, when entering into political life, should do something! When she comes into public life, she wants to know why the world can't live in peace. She wants to see that it does, in future. She wants to make her religion *work*—and after all, it is the religion of the Prince of Peace! American women have a religion which they

believe will work. They intend to try it out. Not for nothing do so many of them trace their descent to the Pilgrim Fathers of the "Mayflower." The fact may be a joke: but the spirit is anything but a joke, as the world will find.

In this attitude, however, joyful and congenial though I find it, there is, I very respectfully suggest, an element of weakness. American women believe that the world can be reformed—"redeemed," in theological language. This is a fundamental principle of Christianity. In the work of reformation, however, we are apt to become so exceedingly busy that we easily fall into the habit of trying short cuts. At first sight it seems a kind of selfishness to be concerned in the making of saints or the salvation of one's own soul. Certainly it often becomes so. But though concentration on spiritual discipline may be the besetting sin of the spiritual East, a complete neglect of it is the curse of the practical West. Filled with her desire to serve, the American woman sets about the building of the City of God, and often fails, because, born organizer and administrator that she is, she does not perceive that organization is not enough. Even good conduct is not enough. Nor can good conduct be permanently achieved by any amount of organizing, admonition, or even legislation, unless the spirit of good will exists behind it.

Though this sounds terribly platitudinous, it is not really admitted. For this *is*, of course, the real weakness of American religious women: they believe much too strongly in external reformation. They have been far more inter-

ested in building the City of God than in the making of saints.

The insistence on doing good, not because it is good but because of the effect it will have on someone else, is part of the weakness of a too external religion. The haunting hope of achieving something "by setting a good example" must be exorcised. If we only took time to think, we should certainly find that we are not helped but hindered by the conscious setters of good examples. A good man is inspiring—his goodness, infectious—because he loves goodness. He makes us love it too, because we cannot help loving him. And to make men in love with goodness is to do them the greatest service that can be done or imagined. But one who does good with the deliberate intention of impressing us is repellent to us. Most of us would rather commit most of the sins in the calendar than justly be called a prig.

And in this I submit that we are right—at least by Christ's standards. It is on record that the prigs of the first century were the only people who moved our Lord to intense disgust. He could not bear them. He liked better the publicans and the harlots. I do not think he liked their vices; but I think he liked almost any kind of sinner better than the sinner who makes virtue detestable by self-consciously "setting a good example."

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." There are people, themselves in love with goodness, whose grace and loveliness and power attract us like a magnet. And when we see them, we see that goodness is gracious and lovely. We desire it for ourselves. We realize—sometimes, alas! with a shock of surprise—that "religion" is not a dull, meticulous, negative affair. It is not a matter of *not* drinking, *not* smoking, *not* gambling, *not* being licentious; it is a radiant and an active thing of the deepest and most venturous reality. Thus these people's "light" does "so shine before us" that we glorify God

and worship him. They make us in love with goodness—which is God.

If I dare to offer a word of advice to my sisters of the American churches, it is with a most real admiration of their courage, statesmanship and wisdom. Every time I return to America I am more impressed by these qualities in American women. But I believe their religion lacks the spiritual depth and the sense of eternal things which comes only from intensive spiritual discipline. In other words, their religion has, in building the City of God, neglected the making of saints.

It is true that in this generation the appeal to save our own souls has greatly lost its force; to some persons such an object seems selfish and uninspiring. But I believe the generation which has tried to save the world *without* saving itself is learning how futile is the attempt. The truth is that we are not fit to save anybody and hardly fit even to serve them in the humblest capacity. Under the searching demands of service to humanity every weak and shoddy place in us is shown up. At least it would be, if we ever took time to consider. If we do not, we will almost certainly lay the blame for failure on the people we wanted to serve.

In silence (so intolerable to Western people, and particularly to Americans), in meditation, and in self-examination come clearer ideas of where our real work lies. Instead of bringing all our batteries to bear on some striking but superficial difference of taste or custom, we shall reserve our strength for our real enemies.

To have some place in one's spiritual life for long silences, for discussion which is not debate, for worship in common but not in a crowd, is in no sense to compete with the full stimulating life of church membership, but it is to supplement that life with something that is lacking in most churches and terrifying in its rigorous simplicity to many church goers.

Perhaps out of the union of such a spiritual ideal with the generous ideal of active service may come the saints who will at last build the City of God.

Sherlock's Not Dead

Condensed from *Personality* (September, '28)

Herbert A. Cerwin

THREE trainmen murdered and a mail clerk cremated in a tunnel. A terrific explosion which shook the entire mountain, set the train on fire and began to fill the tunnel with fumes. The whole daring crime accomplished in less than ten minutes. The bandits had fled as quickly as they had held up the Southern Pacific express train when it entered Siskiyou tunnel on the night of October 11, 1923.

That same night railroad and public detectives went to work. Who were the bandits? Where did they come from? How many were there? Could it have been a lone bandit? The detectives could not answer these questions.

It was not the work of professional criminals. They would not have used a charge of explosives strong enough to destroy the currency and registered mail they were seeking. The bandits had been driven away from their loot empty-handed. This was a crime, blundering but clueless. At least, so the detectives believed.

Yet in fleeing, the bandits had left behind several articles, including a magneto with which the charge had been fired. A knapsack in which overshoes and other articles had been carried, lay near and a pair of dirty overalls was found not far away. An automatic pistol had been dropped. Its owner had filed and dug out all the numbers he could find, but a secretly located number tripped him. Eventually through it the automatic was traced from the factory into the hands of Ray D'Autremont.

The detectives examined the overalls. Shortly afterward a garage worker in a near-by town was suspected. The de-

tectives had concluded that certain dark smears on the overalls were oil. The greasy overalls fitted the suspected man. Worse, the garage worker was an ex-convict. He denied the crime. Other suspects were detained but none shed any light on the holdup. Then the detectives threw up their hands and called for help.

Their call was answered by a man who works with test tubes and microscopes in a laboratory in the hills of Berkeley, California. Edward Oscar Heinrich has solved criminal problems and murder mysteries which have hopelessly baffled detectives. He is a "consulting criminologist," and believes that no crime is ever committed without leaving some sort of evidence.

To Heinrich the articles found at the scene of the crime were sent. He carefully and patiently examined them. The spots on the overalls were found to be not automobile grease but gum from pine or fir trees. This was enough to release the suspected garage man. A little more study and Heinrich came out of his workroom with an astonishing announcement.

Heinrich's observations were: "The man who wore these overalls was a left-handed, brown-haired lumberjack, not more than 25 years old, about five feet eight inches tall. He was thickset, fastidious in his personal habits, clean shaven; he had recently been working in northwestern Oregon or western Washington in the camps where fir trees are felled. He was one of the three men who committed the crime!"

The detectives ridiculed the idea of such an accurate description. But Heinrich soon convinced them.

Using the size and cut of the overalls, the scientist determined the probable build of the owner. Under the left-hand flap there were deposits of pitch, showing that the man had taken off his clothes with his left hand, for the right hand side was clean. From one of the buttons Heinrich had taken two hairs.

In the right-hand pocket of the overalls minute chips of wood and needles of Douglas fir and some finger-nail filings were found. The hair was magnified and compared with standard tables showing the different conditions of human hair at various ages. Heinrich also deduced that the bandit had stood with his right side nearest the tree he was chopping and must accordingly have been left-handed.

From the knapsack the chemist took three or four grains of salt. What police officer would have known the significance of them? The trained mind of the scientist told him it was not salt used in freezing ice cream but the kind employed in the application of cattle lick. Therefore, he reasoned, the bandits had made their rendezvous at some cowboy's hut. Detectives were sent out and such a place was located five miles from the tunnel.

A towel and some items belonging to the magneto were found in the cabin. The towel, when given to Heinrich and placed under a microscope, revealed whisker cuttings from three faces.

The differences in the shade and quality of the hair and skin particles determined this. Out of what had appeared to be a clueless crime, Heinrich constructed a picture of one of the bandits that led recently to his arrest in the Philippines where he was living under an assumed name. He was Hugh D'Autremont.

Several months after Hugh's capture, his twin brothers, Ray and Roy D'Autremont were arrested at Steubenville, Ohio. The greatest man hunt in years, which led to the remotest parts of the world, had ended.

Hugh, on the evidence presented by Heinrich at the trial, was sentenced to life imprisonment. The other two

brothers pleaded guilty. Hugh told how the three brothers absorbed the ideas of Schopenhauer, Huxley and Darwin and steeled themselves with a philosophy that carried them through the daring crime.

This is only one of the hundreds of cases Heinrich has solved. From his laboratory he recently cleared a taxicab driver of suspicion in a murder case. The driver, in the face of opposing testimony, claimed he had but defended himself against assault by a passenger. A blackjack was found, and on it the scientist discovered a human hair. He proved that it belonged to the head of the driver, and that he had been attacked.

One of Heinrich's first cases was one in which the parents of a boy were suing the school in a mining town in Washington. This school was noted for the fact that the children occasionally "beat up" the teacher. One night they attacked a new teacher, who licked the entire gang—and especially the ring leader, who was sent to the hospital for two weeks. His father filed a damage action.

The boy's attorney produced a report card which bore a deportment mark of 85 percent. He asked the court how the principal could give him 85 percent, if he had been a turbulent youngster. Then entered Heinrich. In his laboratory he found that the principal had left the deportment space blank, and that the boy had inserted the 85 percent. Heinrich presented his evidence and the case was dismissed.

"My work? No, it is not mysterious," declares Heinrich. "I prefer solving forgery cases to murders, but the principles are the same. It consists of tracing relationships between isolated points of fact, and completing the chain of circumstance. These are the highest functions of reason. The chemist learns to visualize, in the tiny precipitate lying at the bottom of his test tube, the processes of an entire factory. Just so, with a few bits of evidence in a criminal case, the chain of circumstances may be traced."

A Dog's Life

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post* (August 18, '28)

Dorothy Harrison Eustis

FOR centuries the ancestors of the German shepherd, or so-called police dog, have worked in the country districts of Germany, quietly herding and guarding sheep. One day this dog woke to find himself famous. His intelligence proved him an excellent dog for police work; his nobility and good looks made him desired as a companion; and dealers wanted him as a source of income. The breed was turned into a factory; puppies could not be born fast enough to meet the demand, so that from quiet farms and pastures, good, bad, and indifferent dogs were crated and shipped to hundreds of waiting buyers. From hard work in lonely places they were transported to the bustle of crowds and a life of idleness and overfeeding. No wonder a few of them went wrong, and gave popular opinion its excuse for thinking of the breed as dangerous.

At our school for German shepherd dogs ("police dog" is a mythical breed), my husband and I have followed the system of taking the dog's psychology into account. The system is based on looking at every problem from the dog's standpoint.

To the initiated it would matter little whether the lesson in lying down smartly and correctly on command was followed by a tour of the jumps or not, but just that one little thing makes all the difference between a dull dog and an interested one. The lesson in lying down lowers the morale; therefore we raise it again by giving the dog something he likes, with the result that he comes to the next lesson with wagging tail. Or, for instance, take a young dog who chases a chicken and kills it. He

simply follows an instinct; consequently, his confidence in his master is terribly shaken when, on trotting up to him in response to his angry call, he gets a frightful beating. His reaction is "better keep away from master when his voice sounds like that." On the other hand, if, when he chased his first chicken, he was well peppered in the rear with a sling shot, he would associate the pain with the chicken.

In our school, therefore, there is no whipping, and the dog never becomes cowed or hand-shy. If a dog does not do the exercise properly, the instruction is at fault. Through puppyhood the dogs are accustomed to gunfire and sticks, so that when they come to training age—14 to 16 months—they are what is called stick-and-gun-sure.

The police department details 15 policemen a year to come to us for a course of instruction of eight weeks. A week or ten days before the course begins, our dogs of training age are taken in from the Swiss farms where they have been brought up. They are shut in kennels with little attention, so that on the first day of the course, when they are given out to the student policemen, they take the more readily to their new masters. That day and the next are given over to making friends, each man with his dog. He brushes him, plays with him, and feeds him.

His first exercises are heeling, lying down, sitting and staying in any given place at command; with these go jumping, fetching and speaking—barking on command. These studies are all well along in the first weeks and are continued throughout the course in the nature of the daily dozen. Then comes the seri-

ous business of learning police work. He begins with attacking and goes on to quartering or hunting out territory, guarding a prisoner and trailing.

The value of quartering can easily be seen in the patrolling of docks, factories, or in searching houses. The dog is taught to scour territory, making sure that no one is in hiding. If he finds someone he must go on guard, barking meanwhile. There is no question of attacking as long as his find stands still. The protection to a patrolman can hardly be overestimated; there can be no sudden overpowering where there is forewarning. In a tight place the criminal's momentary indecision, whether to shoot the oncoming dog or the policeman, gives the policeman a second's advantage and many a policeman is alive today because of his dog's unflinching bravery. Take, for instance, what happened recently at Dortmund, Germany. Oberwachtmeister Schaub was patrolling with his dog Frisch when he apprehended a notorious criminal, a Dutchman, who resisted arrest. In the battle that followed, Schaub was shot unconscious, but his dog, although shot three times, held on to his man until the police came to relieve him.

Trailing is an art in itself and needs long and intensive schooling. A trailing dog is born, not made. His nose is a gift and must be developed understandingly. Although we instruct in the methods of developing a trailing dog, the course is too short to perfect the work. Our breeding and training of trailing dogs is a separate department. Two years of man and dog working together is considered about the term for the development of a good dog. He is then recognized as a specialist and works only on trailing cases. Although his usefulness in cities is negligible, trails being quickly obliterated in traffic, too much cannot be said in praise of his work in country districts. Just lately our Wigger von Blasienberg was put on a 48-hour-old trail of a neurasthenic woman who had disappeared from her home; he took up her trail and followed it for some two miles into the mountains.

Losing it in a snowdrift, he was casting around when he came on the woman, spent and unconscious. If he never did another stroke of work, he would have justified his existence in saving this woman's life, but, as a matter of fact, it was his fifth trailing case in a month. The others led to the discovery of a boy who had hanged himself, a woman who had drowned herself, an insane patient escaped from an asylum, and for the fourth, he varied the program by trailing a dog who had been on the rampage the night before and had killed 35 pedigreed rabbits in different farms, followed the scent farm by farm, his policeman collecting the bones of rabbits along the trail, and accused the miscreant dog in his own farm yard. The murderer's footprints, when measured, tallied exactly with those at the farms and along the trail. In the following week he solved two cases of gross sabotage, and a day or two later made a remarkable trail of another woman, 48 hours after she had disappeared from her home, finding her hidden away unconscious in the forest. The next day he trailed another miscreant dog who had killed four pedigreed hares. Altogether a pretty useful citizen.

And so in eight weeks with us the dog has got the foundation of his education in all these branches. He is not considered a finished police dog by any means. Each policeman, on leaving, is reminded that the training has only begun. What different counsel from that given to the layman who wants to buy a so-called police dog; a dog with a parrot education of a few months, turned loose with no one to guide him—"Excellent watchdog—will defend you from any danger—attacks wonderfully—you can leave your car anywhere without fear." The proud owner takes him home and—woof!—he bites the pants off the guest making a few practice swings with a golf club in the front hall.

The dog is the world's greatest companion and there are all kinds of dogs to be companions to all kinds of people, but the man who doesn't know how to use a shepherd's brain shouldn't buy his body.

My Son Gets Spanked

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (September, '28)

Frederic F. Van de Water

MY nine-year-old son has been punished for punching a classmate's nose. It was not an unprovoked punch. The classmate had taken our offspring's dearest treasure, a pair of miniature field-glasses through which by myopic squintings one may view a speckled picture of Trafalgar Square, had refused to return them and, when importuned, had slapped my son's face. In addition, his classmate was larger than he in every dimension.

Yet my son is in disgrace and in tears as well, for I, being also larger than he, have smitten him, thereby pacifying his horrified mother, and satisfying the demands of fair—well, pretty fair, anyway—chivalry. For the punched classmate was a little girl.

I have seen her, a fat and sponge-shaped maiden who plays with the boys of the Fourth Grade and obtains much plunder thereby; for most of her playmates, already initiated into the mysteries of Politeness to Ladies, relinquish their property rather than hit. So, I have no doubt, will my own child in the future.

By spanking my son today I have done more than correct a misdemeanor. I have, to some extent, crystallized his future. Vague though that still may be, I can read its outline. From now on, acquisitive little girls will take things away from him with impunity. Horrid little girls will mock the clumsiness and shyness that he inherits from me. When he attains the Terrible 'Teens girls, a little drunk with discovery of their power over males, will do hideous things to the first flowerings of romance in his adolescent breast. In maturity women will break engagements light-

heartedly, forget appointments, delay him, irritate him, disregard him, all without a word of apology, thanks to the spanking I have just administered.

Chivalry had much to recommend it in 1028, or even in 1908. It has less today, in the face of woman's growing independence. Women have proved that they can support themselves most satisfactorily. Why, then, I wonder, must a lad with his first job pay for dances, theaters, meals in order to enjoy the company of girls who are earning possibly more than he? And yet my son when he earns his first wages will do it too. Chivalry demands it, and he is going to be chivalrous, even if I have to spank him again.

Women as a class are loyal to women, quick to resent affront to one of their number. The man who makes a woman unhappy, no matter how much she deserves it, is a brute to other women—and to other men.

I worked in a newspaper office with the most completely incompetent girl who ever had the delusion she was a reporter. She came in late for assignments. She forgot to come back from those she received. Her copy was a latent hornets' nest of misstatement and libel. When at last she was fired—a man as careless would not have lasted a week—the men who had suffered her negligences were vastly indignant. They called the editor who had discharged her a brute with no decent feelings.

For such masculine lop-sidedness women are responsible. In the first place, mothers pump into their male offspring the ideals of chivalry. They teach their sons that members of the opposite sex are gentle, tender, more deli-

cately and finely fibered, with a higher moral instinct and a cleaner intelligence than men. In the second place, the overwhelming majority of women justify this statement. Unfortunately, majority is not unanimity, and my son will find in time that one aching tooth makes the sufferer forget the 31 that are sound.

My son will find out that woman retains her traditional and essential weapons. Hers is a quicker, keener, more impatient mind. Hers also is an intuition and a stability against passion the average man lacks. Thus equipped, she outranges and outguns man.

Thanks to this system, man suffers in childhood. He goes through exquisite agony in adolescence unless he be more fortunate than one boy I knew.

That boy recalls a verse. It wasn't ■ very good verse, even for 12 years old, but it was the best he could accomplish, and the most perfect of Keats' was never fashioned in a whiter flame. It ran;

Oh, Marion, oh, Marion, I love you with all my heart
And I'll be with you, Marion, till death it do us part.

He stuffed it into his inspiration's pencil box, and waited, perspiring, ears glowing violently, on the school steps, fatuously certain that an obviously unprepossessing physical exterior would be disregarded henceforth for the sake of the lyric it had fathered.

And while he lingered, his beloved appeared with a tittering group and, pausing, recited his poem in the nastiest, most jeering voice his ears have ever admitted. Eventually he fled, stricken. There was nothing else to do. Had a member of his own sex betrayed trust so foully, his course would have been plain, satisfying, pugilistic.

My son, in time, may come to wonder whether consciousness of immunity is good for anyone. He will find it an improving exercise for male self-control never to resent feminine boorishness but he will grow to doubt whether this restraint is really beneficial to women themselves. Eventually he may become the least bit resentful and jealous. A man cannot see women triumphantly

performing things which, were he to attempt them, would result in a swift ride to the nearest hospital, without a lurking wrath.

Women can argue successfully with traffic cops. I know a girl who ran over one once and, when her victim pursued and overtook her, wept so prettily that she escaped with nothing more severe than a lecture on traffic laws.

Women can publicly berate men as no male may. I cherish the average human's antipathy to headwaiters, yet I was almost sorry for one who because he stepped by accident on a woman patron's foot was forced to endure, gasping and cringing, a tirade audible to the entire restaurant. When at last she had finished the headwaiter gave me a miserably false smile and shrugged. That is the most a man can do.

In the comic strips the wife who beats her husband with a rolling pin has an apparently deathless flavor of humor. I have never seen a comic picture in which a woman was smitten by a man. Chivalry reigns inviolable, even in cartoon land.

My son may disagree, but there are few more pacific than I. Whatever irritation prompted this has been spent long since. I shall continue to live on excellent terms with the other sex until:

I stand in a queue before a box office and see a woman, unthwarted, barge in and purchase seats belonging rightfully to men who have waited long minutes in line. I shall perpetuate, after my fashion, the Arthurian tradition until the next woman crowds into a station exit against the outpouring crowd, or takes the seat I offer her as if it were something I had borrowed without permission and was returning belatedly.

I suspect that if I had praised instead of spanked my son the absorbent Sally would grow into a more considerate woman, and my offspring might eventually become a prophet, an iconoclast, overthrowing Tenth-Century images of chivalric conduct. Yet it is better that I spanked him. The world is unkind to Messiahs.

How to Become a Flyer

Condensed from McClure's Magazine (September, '28)

Robert Copeland

LAST year nearly 2000 airplanes were built in the United States. This year there will be approximately 5000. Next year this number will double, at least, and probably treble.

For each aviator piloting a plane in the air, experts have estimated that there are approximately 40 jobs on the ground.

How should a young man go about getting into this new and rapidly growing business? Can he start out tomorrow and get "in"?

Perhaps the best way to answer such questions is to listen to what Colonel Paul Henderson, "father of the air mail" and former assistant postmaster-general, has to say. He is general manager of the National Air Transport. Planes operated by this company fly at least 6000 miles every day in the year. Last year more than 11,000,000 letters—without loss or damage to a single letter—were carried by his planes. Total casualties in more than two years flying—day and night, sunshine and storm—were the death of two pilots and serious injury to another, who recovered. Both casualties occurred in severe electrical storms when raging elements necessitated forced landings. One man was struck by lightning.

"It stands to reason that we can't have inexperienced pilots or helpers," he says. "Handling mail and human lives, we can't afford to take chances. Right now we have 47 pilots who leave the 'flying line' several times a week. The average age of these 'mail birds' is 25. The youngest, in experience, has 1275 hours alone in the air. Some have more than 6000 hours.

"The majority of our flyers received

their training in the army, the navy, or the marine corps. That is the best place for any one to learn how to fly. If a man can come through the Flying Cadet school, you know he knows his business.

"But it isn't always possible to get into those schools. Therefore it behooves the fledgling flyer to look elsewhere. He can try the private flying schools. And here lies his danger. Commercial aviation has, in some respects, grown up over-night. As in every other industry, the 'get-rich-quick' boys have gone to work. They have founded 'schools' that guarantee to teach you to fly by practicing in the parlor. They should be labeled, for such they are, 'suicide schools.'

"On the other hand there are legitimate schools that are performing a real service. The interested youth should find out whether the equipment of a school is modern, whether the planes are licensed and government inspected, whether the instructors and operators have government pilot licenses, whether many have been killed and injured during training, how regular pilots 'rate' the outfit, the kind of jobs graduates are now holding, and so on.

"If he does all these things and the school stands up, he can feel reasonably safe in casting his lot with such an organization.

"He must bear in mind that no school or no man on earth is going to make a flyer out of him in a week, or a month, or for \$100.

"You can pick up newspapers every day and read where 'Air Student Crashes to Death.' This year we are going to read more and more of these stories. 'Suicide schools' are turning

out 'flyers' at an enormous rate, men who have no more right to be at the stick of a plane than a baby has at the throttle of the Twentieth Century.

"In the first place, every good pilot must know the mechanical workings of aviation motors. He would do well to fortify himself with motor training. If he can get a job in an aviation factory, where motors and planes are being built, he has started on the best route to a commercial pilot's seat. It is also the shortest, although it will undoubtedly seem mighty long. In this way he can acquire a working knowledge while he acquires a bank account. This will let him go to school on a full time basis for his final training.

"Armed with his diploma and license he is not going to be able to walk into our office, hang up his coat, put on his goggles and go out and take off. He has 'got to get a reputation.' He can get a job as relief pilot with a small company, work for a private individual, go 'barn-storming' with an air circus. In some way he must spend time in the air in as many planes as possible.

"Commercial concerns pay good money and want only good men. Our men average at least \$100 a week. Few of them are in the air more than five hours a day, four days a week."

So much for Colonel Henderson's sound advice. Now let us look at government requirements. Ten hours "solo" flying is necessary for a private license—a license to fly by yourself without a passenger. Fifty hours are required for a limited commercial pilot's license. For a transport pilot's license—the sort necessary for big money—200 hours alone are necessary.

The Flying Cadets school, ambition of all army student flyers, is difficult to enter. The first eight months of the heavier-than-air training is given at a primary flying school, of which there are two—one at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas, and one at Riverside, California. On completion of primary training, students are transferred to the Advanced Flying school at Kelly Field, San Antonio, for the remaining four months of

the course. Col. Lindbergh won his spurs as a flying cadet—the test is so severe that 50 percent of the cadets "flunk out."

Cadets are extended the social and military privileges of a potential officer. They must have completed at least two years of college work or must be able to pass an examination which is the equivalent thereof. Excellent character, physique, and health are vital.

Successful completion of the entire course includes approximately 250 hours in the air. Graduates are rated "air-plane pilot," and commissioned without further examination as second lieutenants in the air corps reserve.

They are free to engage in commercial flying then and are much sought after by transport companies. A graduated cadet has no trouble getting the kind of job he wants.

Finally, I want to mention the illegitimate flying schools. The sales talk these "gyp artists" hand out would do credit to P. T. Barnum. One florid-faced, back-slapping "king of the air," promised me, when I told him I was interested, that I'd be sky-writing "mash notes" to the "girl friend" within a month, and I could keep right on doing my regular job. That way the course wouldn't cost me "scarcely nothin'." The only ground work was to come from studying a text book. The flying itself was \$30 an hour.

These artists never think of subjecting applicants to even the most rudimentary physical tests. "You look O. K. to me, boy," they will say heartily.

The legitimate schools are business-like and thorough. They have flat rates, and they don't cut \$25 off because they like you. If you haven't a chance of mastering your commercial qualifications, they will tell you so. They are in business to make money—but they give value received.

The young man who wants to be an aviator must find out such facts for himself. If he gets started in aviation properly, he can go just as far as he wants.

Bathing Through the Ages

Condensed from *The American Mercury* (September, '28)

Robert H. Lowie

SAVAGES are proverbially beastly in their manners. The Turkish horsemen of Southern Siberia keep on their clothes without change till they literally fall off. The Ashluslay of Bolivia bathe only in hot weather. In the primitive world generally friends will pick the lice off one another's scalps and eat them. There is a fair assortment of other revolting usages, and contemplating them makes every modern race-theorist's chest swell with pride. For what could demonstrate more convincingly the inborn superiority of West Europeans?

But all these instances of crass squalor can be set off by others of exemplary cleanliness, often from the same race and even region. If the Ashluslay wallow in dirt, the Chiriguano, not far to the northward, are paragons of purity. Though in arid country, they manage somehow to take their morning bath and to repeat the operation several times a day. They also shampoo their heads, cleanse their nails, comb their hair, and scour their clothes. The Cheyenne Indians make a regular practice of the morning bath, some of them even breaking the ice for a Winter plunge. Polynesian cleanliness is a by-word.

Let us look at the development of bathing in Europe from the beginning of our era.

Under the Roman Emperors the watchword was cleanliness. Not only in the capital but in the smaller colonial centers, too, there were magnificent baths. Rome itself had innumerable small establishments and three thermal baths of huge dimensions with steam heat.

But in the early Middle Ages there was retrogression, for the spirit of asceticism did not foster ablutions. The monks were permitted to bathe at Christmas and Easter. They were allowed to wash their clothes once a fortnight. Common folk not pledged to mortification of the flesh were less extreme, and even weekly baths are heard of. However, very much later, say in Fifteenth Century Denmark, no one dreamt of so much washing. Ablutions were connected with the public baths, and very swell folk also cleaned their hands before a meal. Others were not so squeamish: if the dirt seemed a bit thick, they washed their hands when conveniently passing a pump in the courtyard and wiped them on their breeches. Only in the following century did towels, basins, and sprinkling-cans gain entrance in the North; and at first they were used as objects of decoration rather than for practical use. Not till 1600 did the wealthiest hosts begin to provide guests with conveniences for cleaning up in the morning.

To be sure there were the public baths, the development of which was greatly fostered by the Crusaders, who borrowed more than one fruitful idea from the Orient. By about 1500 the Scandinavians considered baths indispensable, and a benevolent nabob making his will would dedicate such an amount to the feeding of the poor and set aside so much for their purification, much as our millionaires now found libraries and fellowships.

The arrangements were amazingly like those in a North American Indian sweat-lodge. The peasants boiled water in a cauldron or threw in red-hot rocks

till the room was filled with vapor. Then they whipped their naked bodies with switches, and, when they had boiled out, dashed outdoors to dip into the nearest creek or wallow in the snow.

As in Germany and France, the public baths were used in common by both sexes. Maids were in attendance to massage or comb the patrons. This is not surprising, for in the North it was deemed quite proper to take off every stitch of clothing before company when retiring for the night. In 1658 a Polish officer remonstrated against such shamelessness. But the Danes replied that there was no need to be ashamed of what God had created, and that the linen which served them so faithfully in the daytime well merited a rest at night.

Throughout Western Europe the public baths developed into clubs, what we should nowadays call night-clubs. Lovers used them as convenient trysting-places; and that royal sloven, Henry IV of France, is said to have frequented them from anything but hygienic motives. In Germany the minstrels used these establishments as studios for singing lessons.

Several causes conspired to bring about the downfall of the institution. Something may be charged to the rising cost of firewood. More important was the cry of outraged morality. In Germany the clergy were expressly forbidden to go into these sinks of iniquity. Then there was the fear of the pox and other diseases. In 1497 Frankfurt am Main closed its Tote Badestube because "many people had been infected there."

Wholesale suppression followed throughout France, Germany and Denmark. Finally it died out except among the peasantry. These backward country folk were the ones who clung to the banner of cleanliness—not, of course, on any rational principle, but from sheer conservatism. The irony of culture-history could go no further. Town-dwellers were affected by a quaint consideration: linen had cheapened and come to be generally worn, hence

laundrying was now concentrated on shirts and bed-sheets while the body was neglected, only the face and hands being washed.

But not everywhere. When the Parisians ceased to go to the bath, they largely gave up washing at home, too. In an amorous dialogue composed by Marguerite of Navarre, the royal authoress finds it quite proper to say to her lover: "Behold these beautiful hands; though I have not cleaned them for eight days, I wager they eclipse yours."

Indeed, the splendiferous court of Louis XIV was as far from our present standards as many savage tribes. The great king himself accomplished his morning toilette by having a valet pour perfumed alcohol on his hands. A book of etiquette published in 1667 urged children to clean their faces with white linen, but warned them against the use of water, as water was said to make the face more sensitive to cold in Winter and to sunburn in Summer. Man is never at a loss for suitable rationalizations to explain his acts.

When our race-theorists, eugenicists *et al.* inveigh against "rising tides," and "filthy hordes," they flout history. The plain facts tell another story. When Western Europe was purer in the best blood of the world than today, she was on the same plane of filthiness with illiterate savages, and much lower than some. The highest circles, supposedly the best racial stock, were not a whit superior to the lower; at some times we find them to be inferior. There is no evidence in favor of the racial or aristocratic view.

But neither do the facts yield comfort to the naïve believer in progress. As regards cleanliness, Imperial Rome towers head and shoulders above the early Middle Ages. Later, bathing once more becomes prevalent, but only for a limited span. Then an Age of Filth sets in once more and is only relieved in the most recent decades. Who can fortell what a century or two more will bring us?

The World's Most Valuable Tree

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly* (September, '28)

P. J. Searles

IF 100 Americans were asked "What is the most valuable tree in the world?" there would probably be a dozen different answers. But those who had lived in the tropics would be unanimous in replying, "the coconut tree." For the coconut tree provides food, drink, shelter and profit for millions. The future of tropical lands would be dark indeed without it.

The trunk of the coconut tree yields a timber (known in European commerce as porcupine wood) used for buildings, furniture, firewood, curios, etc. It is a light, spongy wood of low strength, which has found a wide use because of its prevalence. Extensive use is made of the leaves for thatching roofs and sides of buildings; when well done, a good water-tight job results. The leaves are also woven into many kinds of baskets, cajan fans and other commodities and in some communities are even used as clothing after suitable preparation.

As food and drink the coconut is especially valuable. The meat of the nut itself is only part of the story. The meat is used somewhat, but to a lesser extent than commonly believed. It is usually eaten just as removed from the shell; it is also prepared and put up in grated form in groceries throughout the world. The meat is best when young and soft, in which condition it is frequently scooped out and eaten with a spoon. Not only is the meat an enjoyable human food, but chickens and hogs thrive on it. The young bud cut from the top of a tree gives one of the most delicious salads that can be found anywhere. It is like celery, but less stringy, and with an indescribable flavor. It is

variously known as "palm salad," "palm cabbage," or "palmetto."

The milk of the nut has a sweet, fresh taste, and is refreshing when drunk from an almost ripe nut. The juice of the tree, however, is much more widely used than the milk of the nut. This juice is obtained from cuts in the unopened inflorescence at the top of the tree. The sap begins to flow in four or five days after the cut has been made, and drips into vessels tied under the cut. It is a common sight to see an entire grove of trees connected by bamboo, somewhat like gutters on the roof of a building, all emptying into one or more huge jars. From one to four quarts of the sap can be secured daily from a normal tree, the flow continuing for several weeks.

Fermentation of the sap starts as soon as it leaves the tree. The fresh sap, commonly known as "toddy" or "tuba," contains about five or six percent alcohol. It must be consumed at once unless, of course, a higher alcoholic content is desired. In many parts of Polynesia, Malay, Java, Sumatra, etc., sugar for home consumption is made from toddy by putting into it a small quantity of some finely powdered bark which is rich in tannin. This crude sugar can be refined into clean white sugar.

The most famous drink in the Orient for centuries is made by distilling the toddy. The resulting liquor is known as "arrack" by sailormen. It is a powerful drink, with, at times, over 50 percent alcoholic content, and is rather disturbing, temporarily and perhaps permanently, to the user.

William Damphier, the old pirate (incidentally he was one of the crew of the ship which rescued Robinson Crusoe

from his lonely island), knew of toddy and arrack as evidenced by an extract from his journal:

... there is also ■ sort of Wine drawn from the Tree called Toddy. Those that have a great many Trees, draw a spirit from the Sowre Wine called Arack. Arack is distilled also from rice and other things in the East-Indies; but none is so much esteemed for making Punch as this sort, made of Toddy or the sap of the Coconut Tree, for it makes ■ most delicious Punch; but it must have a dash of Brandy to hearten it, because this Arack is not strong enough to make good Punch of itself.

The above extract is from an account of the Island of Guam. This island, now in the possession of the United States, is prohibition dry, but the process of manufacturing arrack is so simple and speedy that it is difficult to make the coconut tree obey the law.

Two other by-products of the sap are quite common, yeast and vinegar. In many communities no other yeast is ever used, even by transient white residents.

In a commercial sense copra is the most important product of the coconut tree. By copra is meant the dried meat of the nut. Most copra is shipped after drying to the United States and France, although there are a few oil-extracting plants in Ceylon, India, Mariana Islands, etc. About 25 gallons of oil can be obtained from 1000 nuts. The oil is a white, semi-solid substance with a rather disagreeable odor and a mild taste. Under pressure it separates into a liquid and a solid portion, the latter, coco-stearin, being used in making candles.

What are the copra and the oil good for? First consider the copra after the oil has been extracted. It is commonly known as copra meal, and is widely used as a food for cattle and poultry. It is also of value for use in cakes and candies. Sometimes it is made into a broth and soup for human consumption.

The oil is of more extensive utility and is a valuable article of commerce. It is used to manufacture marine soap, which forms a lather with salt water; every ship afloat carries a supply of this soap.

The various grades of oil are used for candles, high-grade soaps, cold cream, face lotions, shaving creams and other toilet preparations. The oil has both cleansing and lather-making properties. From the oil can be made also an excellent waterproof polish for furniture, automobiles, and other articles. Immense quantities of glycerine are obtained from the oil, this being a particularly important industry during the World War. Numerous butter and lard substitutes are obtained. In England especially the oil is used in the making of powdered milk. All these industries are of considerable importance, and all depend largely upon the coconut.

Another widely used product of the coconut tree is "coir." Coir is the commercial name of the fiber prepared from the husk of the nut. It is used extensively for cordage, especially in the Philippines, and the Mariana and Caroline Islands. The rope does not decay easily, but wears out rather rapidly because of the brittleness of the strands. Coir is valuable for door mats, brushes of all kinds, stuffing for mattresses and other purposes.

The shells and waste matter of the coconut are good for fuel, the former having a rather extensive use as charcoal. The shells are also valuable for fertilizer because of their potash content.

Among the minor uses of coconuts may be noted the use of shells for water vessels, drinking cups, carved ornaments, ash trays, toys, curios, etc. In England, even, there is a rather popular county fair amusement, "throwing at the coconut."

What other tree can offer the varied uses of the coconut? Food, drink, shelter, clothing, toys for the savage child, curios for the tourist, illumination for the native hut, cosmetics for milady's boudoir, refreshing drink or hard liquor, rope or soap—all come from the coconut, the most widespread and most valuable tree on the face of the earth.



The Sex Ratio in England

Condensed from *The Living Age* (September, '28)

Meyrick Booth in the Nineteenth Century (London Conservative Monthly)

THE modern world is full of false ideas, crystallized into axioms. It is these conglomerations of error which, more than anything else, frustrate every attempt to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem of the modern girl and her relation to society.

It is constantly said, for instance, that England now contains an immense excess of women over men (largely a result of the war), and that, in consequence, it has become necessary to train girls in the mass for independent careers. It is surprising how few people possess even the remotest knowledge of the actual statistical position.

The excess of women over men in the European lands is now much smaller than it was at almost any period during the last 500 or 600 years. In modern England (with Wales) we have 18,500,000 males and 20,000,000 females (a ratio of 100 to 108). In present-day Germany there are 30,000,000 males and 32,500,000 females.

These figures speak for themselves. They reduce to a sheer absurdity the oft-repeated contention that there is now such an abnormal ratio between the sexes that our previous ideas as to the woman's social functions must be revolutionized. If anything further were needed to knock this fallacy on the head, it is to be found in the fact that nowhere do women pursue masculine careers more ardently than in America, where there is an excess of men over women.

Let us, then, dismiss from our minds the idea that there is any connection at all between the cult of independence and the pseudo-masculinism which, in practice, goes with it, and the numerical re-

lationship of the sexes. What, then, are the factors that make for the very large difference between the number of women who *might* marry and those who *do*, which, in England, is represented by the prodigious number of 3,000,000 unmarried women of the marriageable age (20 to 45).

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the general tendency of the present-day education of girls is largely responsible for the immense army of unmarried women in our midst. We cannot possibly divorce education from the rest of our national life. A machine which grinds out, year by year, hundreds of thousands of young women equipped solely with a view to competing with men in industry and business must of necessity create social conditions highly unfavorable to marriage and home life. The struggle to earn a family wage or salary is thus made far more difficult for the average man. It would be impossible to form an estimate of the exact number of men who have been prevented from establishing homes of their own as a result of the competition of women, but it must be very large indeed.

Is there not a certain confusion of cause and effect in the argument that, given an economic condition where a national problem of unemployment exists, we must train girls for the marketplace and not for the home? Do we not thereby become entangled in a vicious circle? Parents and educators feel compelled—even in the face of their own better judgment—to give up the idea of training girls for their most natural career, marriage, and to fit them first and foremost for economic

independence. It is usually argued that if a girl can stand on her own feet she need not feel compelled to marry merely for the sake of having a home, but can afford to wait until she meets the right man; and, further, that she will be all the better for a thorough training in some profession. I will not deny that there is truth in this point of view. But the fact remains that it is the flooding of the labor market with young women that has, more than anything else, lowered the chance of marriage for the modern girl. We keep moving round and round. Girls must earn their living because they cannot marry. Why cannot they marry? Because there are so many girls earning their living.

I in no way wish to argue against the valuable woman worker, who, as doctor, lawyer, artist, or architect, may be doing good service to the community. We certainly need every ounce of ability we can get, male or female. But we must seek to reorganize our life so that wasteful competition shall be eliminated. It is antisocial to pour into already overcrowded fields of employment a stream of girls who have no special "call" there, but are merely sent into professional work because it is the fashion, or because they do not want to seem inferior to their brothers or boy friends. To the young man his success in life is a matter of life and death, whereas a very considerable fraction of his girl competitors are merely seeing life and amusing themselves for a year or two while they look round for a husband.

The root of our trouble lies in the persistent failure to face fundamentals. Girls are not boys. They never have been and they never will be. The complexities of modern life have not essentially altered the fact that man's primary function is to create food and wealth for the community, while woman's is to bear and raise children. Our modern doctrinaires have done their best to confuse the distinction. What is the result? Millions of men without work and millions of women without children!

If we consider the girls in any given

school, it will be found, looking ahead, that at least half of them will eventually marry; yet, although this is well known, none of these girls are actually educated with that object in view. Modern parents and educators almost always take the view that it is useless to prepare any given girl for this life-work, since there is no guarantee that she will actually marry. It is therefore safer to train her for some paying career. The unfortunate woman of today is accordingly torn in two between conflicting possibilities. No one feels certain that she is going to have a home; therefore she is not trained for home-life. On the other hand, the possibility that she will marry is just strong enough to prevent her concentrating wholeheartedly on her career.

In practice it amounts to this; the schools regard marriage as something of altogether secondary importance, and concentrate mainly (but not quite thoroughly) on professional training, the girl being all the time handicapped more or less by home duties from which the boy is free. The whole position is profoundly unsatisfactory. Marriage is not a matter of secondary importance for the nation, however much the schools may push it into the background. It is as important for the nation to possess well-trained wives and mothers as it is for it to possess efficient sailors or engineers. It is more difficult to run a home really competently than to sail a ship or manage a machine. On every hand we find mothers complaining that the modern school totally unfits their daughters for home life.

Our educational system is individualistic. Its aim is to fit pupils for successful individual careers. We are here faced with a problem in which the interests of the individual conflict with those of the community. It is difficult to see any way out save through a change of values. If once the socio-centric standpoint were to prevail, our life could be ordered with the view of eliminating antisocial sex conflict and establishing coöperation between men and women.

You Can Excel!

Condensed from Psychology (July, '28)

Robert Kingman, M. D.

NOTHING takes the joy out of life like picking a wrong standard for comparison and trying to measure up to someone out of our class. The man with the under-developed muscles may have a highly developed mentality; both kinds of development are needed in the world's work. The crumpled-up body of Steinmetz housed a brain hardly inferior in the field of electrical engineering to that of Edison himself. As a structural steel worker, however, he could not have earned one meal a day.

A man's capacity can never be determined by any scale outside of himself. What is normal for one individual is far from normal for another. Your standard for comparison lies in the potentialities resident within yourself and never in those of any other person.

Neither Samuel Johnson nor Lafcadio Hearn, on account of their chronically inflamed eyes, could have held down the job of target-spotter for five minutes on a modern battleship, but the perfect optics of a first-class range-finder have never been of much aid in producing a great lexicographer or a charming exponent of all things Japanese. We do not expect nocturnes from Lindbergh; but, on the other hand, Chopin's lungs would never have allowed him to be a flyer. Differences give to each person his peculiar value and superiority.

Study your peculiarities, the ways in which you seem to vary from others; and then use this dissimilarity for a starting-point to develop some talent or to produce some object that is just a little better than the average.

Variation is a fundamental law of

nature. Botanists tell us that no two leaves and no two blades of grass have ever been found to correspond exactly. The same thing is true of animals. Nature is not given to making things alike, and the same principle of dissimilarity applies to human beings.

To turn your handicap into an asset, you must first stop trying to be like others in the point in which you are weak, and be satisfied to develop faculties which will compensate for your defect. A blind man does not go far by trying to get his lost vision back. He stops bewailing his misfortune and trains his other senses to become keener than those of his seeing friends.

What a list of never-to-be-forgotten men and women have become famous, not only in spite of some overwhelming handicap, but because a deficiency in one direction actually spurred their efforts in another! Think of Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind from infancy, growing up to be an accomplished and educated woman, a graduate of Radcliffe College and an inspiration to everyone who has heard her name!

The sculptor Gonnelli who became blind at the age of 20 was able to execute excellent portraits in terra cotta, it being sufficient for him to merely pass his hand over a person's face to produce an exact likeness. Dr. Nicholas Sanderson, who lost his sight before he was 12 months old, became professor of mathematics and optics at the University of Cambridge. It is recorded of him that his sense of touch was so exquisite that in a collection of Roman coins and molds he could distinguish the genuine from the false by feeling them, though counterfeits had deceived

the keen eyes of connoisseurs. Nor was his hearing less acute; he was able to determine the dimensions of a room into which he was introduced for the first time, and his distance from the wall at any point from where he might be placed.

We doubt if literature lost much through the blindness of Dante, Milton or Homer; rather would it seem to have gained to the extent by which this affliction sheltered these men from the turmoil of their times. Robert Louis Stevenson, Lawrence Sterne and the poet Keats were members of that numerous company whose diseased lungs made other occupations than writing impossible. Tallyrand's crippled leg did not prevent him from becoming the foremost statesman of his epoch. Byron's club-foot, if it was not exactly an asset in his rôle of a Don Juan, certainly did nothing to detract from his excellence as a poet.

It is a strange sort of perversity that makes us all prefer to excel in the lines in which we are particularly deficient. The brainy man envies the longshoreman, and the boilermaker would like to be a clerk or a professor. Byron, who was prevented by his lame leg from taking part in most of the sports of his university days, devoted himself with a perfect fury to horseback-riding and swimming. He took more pride in these accomplishments than in his writing.

Fortunately the great majority of us are not handicapped by such serious imperfections as loss of vision, disease of the lungs or deformity of the limbs. But actual millions do suffer from slight deviations from the normal. Such deviations should never be allowed to detract from the full quota of work that one owes the world or from the full quota of happiness that life owes one in return.

In one sense we are all variants from the normal. Everyone of us is either above or below the average in some detail of functional or structural develop-

ment. Those who are aware of the fact are apt to be discouraged because they are not "just like other people," forgetting that these other people are just as apt to be discouraged because they in turn are not like someone else.

Nine times out of ten, the "neurotic's" feeling of inadequacy, with its train of obsessions and habit of morbid introspection, is the result of comparisons with other persons who are supposed to be "normal," "average" or "above the ordinary." There is no better way of starting a first class inferiority complex and bringing on a chronic state of depression that makes its possessor a nuisance to himself and to everyone about him, than just this method of comparing oneself with others.

There is never any difficulty in finding someone who is richer, or bigger, or healthier, or happier or better-looking than yourself. But such differences should never become a source of envy or jealousy. Feelings of this sort will lead you to believe that you have been slighted by Nature in your mental or physical equipment, and it is but a step further to the conclusions that you are abnormal or inefficient, that your whole life is a mistake and that you are of no use in this world. And all this, because you have used a wrong standard of comparison in judging yourself by this or that supposedly superior person.

Most of the unfit are so, only in so far as they demand of themselves that they conform to the majority. They have not been taught that they need only conform with themselves.

We all inherit something immeasurably greater than our defects—an eternal principle within, which endows us with a *limitless power to vary*, upwards as well as downwards, and gives us latitude wherein to save ourselves! And as man is neither wholly animal, mind or spirit, but a balanced modicum of all three, so must he be studied and helped from the three sides of his nature that form its supporting tripod.

Doing Without Women

Condensed from McCall's Magazine (September, '28)

Richard E. Byrd

I DON'T mean to imply we'd like to do without women. But when 55 of us land on the Antarctic Continent late next Fall we face from six months to two years without the aid or solace, to say nothing of the companionship of women. As leader of the expedition it is my duty to anticipate such difficulties as house cleaning, interior decorating, washing dishes, laundering, sewing, cooking, nursing.

Our base will be on the ice on the Australian side of the ice barrier. There we shall build a self-sustaining town of barracks and workshops while our ship evades the ice and returns to New Zealand. Through the arctic night of six months we shall be absolutely isolated from the outside world, save for a thin invisible thread of radio. From the day we leave New York we must be our own housekeepers.

The first item I have put on my list of domestic duties is house cleaning. Our main house at the base will not be any too easy to clean. It will be small, and its divisions slight — small cubicles with upper and lower bunks opening out from the main room. And of course the accumulation of clothing and equipment in it is bound to be great. Fifty-five men stand for a lot of boots, fur overshirts, mittens, tools, books, musical instruments, papers, first-aid kits, toilet articles, sextants, binoculars, pipes, tobacco cans, blankets, slippers, cameras, to say nothing of such general possessions as radio, mirrors, brooms, and so on.

As aboard ship, we shall periodically have "field day"; that is, set apart an entire day for cleaning up and tidying about the house. But this will depend

somewhat on routine. During the period of greatest activity when expeditions are going and coming rapidly, field days will be few and far apart. During stormy weather meticulous neatness will be more common indoors.

Getting down to technical details about cleaning is not easy. Of course we shall have a goodly supply of cleansing compounds on our grocery list. But much grease from our seal catches will no doubt be tracked in during hunting season; and scrubbing with soap and water is sure to give way sometimes to more vigorous removal of dirt by *scraping*, with good old-fashioned navy deck scrapers of steel.

Our bedding will need airing from time to time. I think we may try the Eskimo "snow-washing" method on our blankets. When an Eskimo wants to have his bed furs cleaned he has his wife go out into 50 to 60 degrees below and *kick* snow into them. That sounds futile. But there is a scientific basis of fact for it. Dry snow rubbed into a textile forms an amalgam with oily dirt and is easily shaken out. An Eskimo woman can by this method take a white blanket grown nearly black with filth and return it to its original beauty in an hour or two!

Each man will be his own laundress. This is a matter that must be left to the conscience of the individual. Personal cleanliness is so much a matter of personal character, and the standard of character in my crowd so high, that I do not waste worry on this score. Probably each man will do most of his washing in the long hours of the night. Fire must always be kept up in the stove, and since fire is one of our greatest risks

at headquarters, one man must always stay awake all night. I picture him as dividing his time between laundering and reading our meteorological instruments.

Perhaps it is beside the question to bring up interior decorating in connection with polar work that is so likely to be fraught with peril and hardship. But my naval life, in addition to my common sense, tells me that men do respond to their surroundings.

We can have no chintz hangings, no flowers, no decorative sofa cushions, or the like. Yet we can have a certain cheeriness here and there that will help. A flag can always be used to good purpose. A bright red tobacco container will brighten up a whole corner of a room. Brass tacks are great things for decoration.

Don't forget that the look of field equipment has a certain charm to men. Rifles, clean and polished, always look well in their racks. I think there is a unique beauty in a sextant or a theodolite. A ship's clock is by no means unattractive. Skis and snowshoes have a decorative value all their own.

Our home will be just one step beyond a hunting lodge. Its interior must be appropriate. And barring a plethora of fur clothing that will always collect, I count on an interior that will be attractive enough to stay in our memories for many a year.

I think sewing more than anything else will tax the ingenuity of those who have never been much to sea. Yet all must learn it, after a fashion. Indeed, it can well be a matter of life or death in the field. Only the traveler in polar regions knows the terrible necessity of having garments that are snow-tight and air-tight.

Strange to say, a shirt that passes as air-tight will not always pass as snow-tight. An Eskimo seamstress will turn out a perfect *kooletah* of caribou skin for her white employer. The fine texture of the skin will prevent air from coming through. A slight rip, a broken thread or a needle prick may not let in enough air for the wearer to be conscious

of it. But that same slight hole will in the case of a day's march admit a fine stream of powdery snow that melts as fast as it comes in and soon soaks the owner.

I remember one fellow who noticed, while sledging, that an edge of his sleeping bag had ripped. He took a few hurried stitches. Two days later he and his companions were caught in a blizzard. A wind-break was quickly thrown up and all crawled into their sleeping bags. The next 48 hours were spent stormbound. All fared well but my friend. Snow worked through his careless stitches, melted and drenched his feet. By the end of the second day he had several badly frostbitten toes.

Cooking comes next to sewing in vital importance. A man may lose his life through a poorly sewn shirt; whereas few men have ever died through ill-cooked food—that is, not in so short a space of time. Our professional male cook and his assistant must keep us in fresh bread, and see that we have duff on Sundays, an appetizing stew on feast days, and a birthday cake or banquet menu occasionally.

Washing dishes is one of the least of our worries. My experience is that first, men use fewer dishes when they have to do the washing; and second, this is a "lame duck" job which can always be done by some one with a sprained ankle, lumbago, or something of the sort.

When a man is ill he can get no better nursing than a woman's. But we must be our own nurses in case of emergency. For centuries seafarers have tended each other's wants in times of need.

Life cooped up in a small base will be monotonous despite the enormous amount of work that we have to do. As a pallid antidote for the absence of women I have listed a few plans and articles that may help. There is the "property box" which every expedition carries with wigs and costumes for an occasional minstrel show in the dark months and our library has a supply of standard novels and detective stories.

Death Valley

Condensed from The Mentor (August, '28)

THE Gold Rush to California was in full swing in 1849. In that year a train of 100 wagons of hardy pioneers under Captain Hunt reached a point on the route where Las Vegas, Nevada, now stands. Here a dispute arose as to the best way from there to California. The party split into two trains. One portion went by way of Mountain Springs, Stump Springs and Resting Springs to San Bernardino Valley, where they arrived safely. The second portion decided that the quickest way to California was by way of Mescal Springs, Halleron Springs and Soda Lake and thence through a low unnamed valley to California. This party met with disaster in the valley. Their suffering was intensive and indescribable. The valley they entered was entirely arid, devoid of vegetation and intensely hot. The heat was so extreme that the spokes of the wagon wheels became so dry that the wheels fell apart. The horses and mules died of thirst. The few men who survived were gaunt and broken in health. The stories they told of their sufferings, the terrible heat and oppression caused the valley to be shunned by all except the most adventurous; and it received its name of Death Valley, which added to the awe in which it was held.

Death Valley lies in California, just over the Nevada line. It is about 30

miles long by 10 to 15 miles wide lying between two mountain ranges, the Funeral and Panamint ranges. It has ever had a mysterious, compelling lure, beckoning the seekers for adventure, romance and gold. It is a valley of enchanting gold-and-lavender lights and interplaying, purpling shadows.

The valley is best approached from Beatty, Nevada, and is first seen from Chloride Cliffs, which are 5600 feet above sea level. As seen from this vantage point Death Valley is a wondrous and awful vale. At first the desolation of the region is so pronounced that one involuntarily shudders in dismay at the fearsome sight.

Standing on this vantage point one may look down on the valley floor, the lowest spot in the United States—250 to 420 feet *below sea level*. Or he may cast his eyes upward to Mt. Whitney, a hundred miles away, a snow-capped peak of the Sierra Nevada Mountains that rises to a height of 14,501 feet—the highest spot in the United States. To the south is Furnace Creek Ranch, the lowest and hottest spot in the world where cultivated vegetation is produced. Across the valley may be seen various desert trails leading to the different points of interest in the valley. One trail leads to Emigrant Wells, where a Mormon expedition perished in the early days; another leads to the

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Devil's Golf Course, near where the tourist of today can spend a pleasant afternoon playing golf in really delightful surroundings. Some of the trails lead to dry water holes, while others lead to a lonely grave which marks the end of the trail of some half-crazed adventurer who died in attempting to wrest the golden treasure from the tenacious grip of the valley.

There is no noise in the valley, no sound of the howling coyote, the twitter of a bird or chirp of the desert cricket—nothing, just silence until it seems oppressive.

In the center of the valley the trails converge toward Stove Pipe Wells. This is a shallow hole where water is found within three feet of the surface of the ground. There has long been a trail leading to the well. There is also a shovel there and a canteen, so that the wanderer may be able to dig out the well if filled with drifting sand and secure the life-giving waters. Men have been shot for carelessly taking that shovel away and thus depriving someone of the chance for life.

At Stove Pipe Wells remnants of the belongings of the early pioneers may be found. There are wagon spokes and harness rings; even an old watch has been found. Two miles away is Salt Creek River, which is heavily charged with alkali salts and has frequently been the end of a poor wretch who, half crazed with thirst, has drunk the alkali water, only to meet death in a most horrifying form.

Such is Death Valley. The pitiless sun scorches like a hot iron, the biting sands sweep and swirl and blind, the

desert madness may seize upon the strongest man once he has lost his bearings there—all these are the indelible marks of the relentless valley that has repeatedly flung at the grim pioneers its hoarse challenge, "Ye shall not pass."

Today the sun beats down with undiminished brilliance, but the tireless motor car is breaking down the barriers of the past.

Death Valley is the home of a unique character, "Death Valley Scotty," who lives on the Grapevine Ranch at the northeast end of the valley. In his youth he joined Colonel Cody in his "Buffalo Bill" wild west show. He first got into public notice in 1905 when he arrived in Los Angeles with a string of burros loaded with sacks. The sacks presumably contained gold ore which he stated he had brought from his Death Valley mine. He hired the best suite of rooms in the leading hotel and began passing out \$20 bills as tips to bellboys. Then he hired a special train to take him to New York, and with a clear track he made the trip in record time. In Chicago and New York he caused traffic jams by his spectacular actions and free spending of money. Whenever his money gave out Scotty would disappear again with his burros only to return in due time with a new supply. Whether or not Scotty really owns a mine of fabulous richness or whether he was a bandit chief only Scotty knows. At present he confines his efforts to developing the Grapevine Ranch, located near Marble Canyon, which is supposed to be the seat of the rich mine. Scotty just now is building a beautiful mansion on his Death Valley ranch.

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ALFRED PEARCE DENNIS (p. 321) has had a varied and interesting career. Born at "Beverly," the Dennis home on the Pocomoke River, which is one of the show places of the eastern shore of Maryland, he graduated from Princeton in '91 and became a professor. While teaching at Smith College in Northampton, where he was the friend of a young lawyer named Calvin Coolidge, his health broke, and he went to the mines of British Columbia. From there he went up into Alaska, and finally back to his native state, where he engaged in the lumber and logging business. At the conclusion of the War he was commissioned by the government to establish the Commercial Attache office in Rome. From there he went to a similar post in London. Secretary Hoover then detached him for special investigation in various European countries, after which he became personal assistant to the secretary. In 1925 he was appointed to the United States Tariff Commission and made vice-chairman the following year. "The Price of Prohibition in Finland" is one by-product of a recent trip of investigation to Europe. Mr. Dennis is the author of "The Romance of World Trade" and many articles on economic subjects in *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Nation's Business*, and other periodicals.

CHARLES A. BEARD (p. 325) No contemporary historian could be better equipped than Mr. Beard to answer wisely the question whether Western civilization is on the way to destruction, as Spengler and others have claimed, or is strong enough to resist attacks from without and decay from within. Mr. Beard, formerly professor of politics at Columbia University, has taken American history as his special field; his most recent and widely-known book is *The Rise of American Civilization*, written in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard. But his studies and his experiences have not been confined to the United States; he has written on European history as well, as he has had first-hand contact with Oriental problems as director of the Institute of Municipal Research at Tokyo in 1922, and as advisor to Viscount Goto, the Japanese minister of home affairs, after the earthquake of 1923. Mr. Beard has recently been engaged in editing a book to be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co., entitled *Whither Mankind?*; his present article will appear in extended form as the introduction to this book.

WILL DURANT (p. 331) was once a reporter on the *New York Evening Journal* but found the pace too swift for his philosophic mind, so he turned to teaching Latin, Greek, French and English at Seton Hall College. Dr. Durant took up graduate work in philosophy, biology and psychology at Columbia, receiving his degree in 1917. Four years later he was made director of the Labor Temple School. Then came his "Story of Philosophy," and his retirement from Labor Temple.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. 337) is a well-known war correspondent and journalist. In recent years, he has been writing special features for *Collier's*.

WALTER GRIMES HENDERSON (p. 345) is a business executive "equipped with some rather unusual tools." He holds a variety of university degrees, and understands from first-hand experience the tribulations of the laboring man.

JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR. (p. 347) is Associate Professor of Geology at the University of Montana, and has just completed *The Earth and Its History*, published by Ginn and Company. Mr. Bradley graduated from Harvard with a hamme in his hand.

JOHN C. ALMACK (p. 349) has an M.A. from the University of Oregon and a Ph.D. from Leland Stanford. He has run a farm, taught a school and edited a country newspaper. Since 1922 he has been professor of education at Stanford. He is the author of numerous magazine articles and has published six professional books, of which "Education for Citizenship" and "The Beginning Teacher" may be considered typical.

MISS A. MAUDE ROYDEN (p. 363) is a daughter of the late Sir Thomas Royden, and was educated at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where she was known as an exceptionally brilliant student of history and Shakespeare. For a time she worked in the Liverpool slums, and then in a country parish, until she was appointed an Oxford University extension lecturer—a rare honor for a woman. She abandoned this post to lecture in behalf of woman suffrage—a cause which she supported with tact and eloquence. Later she was preacher at the City Temple, London. In 1920, with Dr. Percy Dearmer, she founded the famous Fellowship Services, which are now carried on at the Guildhouse in Eccleston Square—a true center of liberal religious thought.

FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER (p. 369) was at one time a well-known columnist of the *New York Tribune*, signing his column F. F. V., and later a staff contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He is the only civilian member of the New York State Police. Incidentally, he is the son of Virginia Terhune Van de Water, and nephew of Albert Payson Terhune.

ROBERT H. LOWIE (p. 373) is one of America's leading anthropologists, and professor of the subject at the University of California. His "Primitive Religion" and "Primitive Society" are standard works.

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